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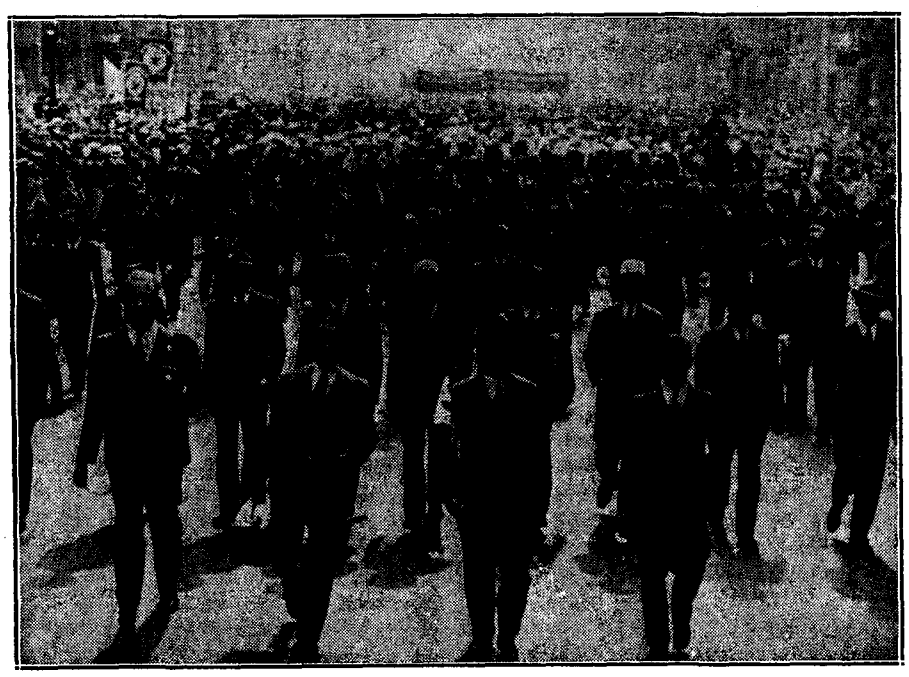

BUSINESS MEN MARCHING IN NRA PARADE, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1933
Photo by Pathé News

Diary of a Biographer*

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

GAMALIEL BRADFORD was my friend; but in his newly published "Journal" I soon found besides my friend a being I had known hardly at all. I knew him better, I thought, than merely as his books revealed him, though, as I look back on it now, not so much better as I had supposed. Here the qualities revealed in his books, and others hardly or not at all to be discerned in them, are set forth with a sharpness of outline which produces the picture of one I did not know, and of whom I can therefore write with a considerable measure of detachment. Yet this measure is often set by Bradford himself. When he appears open to criticism on this ground or on that, you soon discover that his own frank self-appraisals have anticipated the very objections you might raise. Others before him have been called their own severest critics. It is hard, however, to think of any self-exploring diarist of whom this may be more truly said, which is only another way of saying that, were he now in the place of his readers, he would be facing a book after his own heart.

Checked and balked as he was at every step, from boyhood to the end of his days, by the disabilities of invalidism, often feeling, as he once put it, "like a clock that is run down and the key lost," why did he write the journal at all? Let him answer the question for himself:

> *November* 10 [1925]—So many people question, and I have so often questioned myself, what it is that makes a man—or a woman—go to the persistent and deliberate trouble of keeping a journal like this that I wondered the other day whether I had ever attempted to analyze and set down my own motive in the matter. . . . I think from the very first, when I began a systematic journal in 1882, I have had definitely before me as the prime motive that whatever I wrote would or might some day be published. . . . I should not probably have confessed exactly this at the time, and perhaps the impulse was hardly capable of being reduced to such precise terms. But I think the idea was always vaguely present to me. . . .

Many years earlier [1897] he had written: "I remember W. R. T. used to say, when he was a boy, that he intended to leave his mortal remains to the medical school for purposes of dissection. I should like, also, to leave my remains, not physical, though I have no objection to that, but spiritual, for dissection by those who shall practise my art after me." Reverting to the same thought in 1923 he wrote:

> *March* 25—. . . For myself, my passionate preoccupation with posthumous reputation is only surpassed by my desire for glory in my own day. It is senseless, it is futile, it is absurd. But what am I writing these Journals for? . . . Why am I daily absorbed with the hope that some day my remains will be praised and reprinted and grow and grow in importance and interest for mankind? It seems to point in my case to some strange instinct of survival, some obscure intimation of somehow living and looking down at what happens. Of course it is nothing of the kind, but merely an extension into the future of what is the overwhelming passion of the present.

Bradford's craving for fame in various directions—as a poet, as a novelist, as a dramatist—was doomed to disappointment. It was not until he hit upon his formula of biography, which he distinguished by the name of "psychography" from the

(*Continued on page* 130)

* *THE JOURNAL OF GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1933. $4.50.

Above Timberline

By BELLE TURNBULL

HOW am I to tell you?
I saw a bluebird
A bluebird incandescent
Flying up the pass

And where the wind came over,
The Great Divide came over,
Invisible and mighty,
He struck a wall of glass.

I saw his bright wings churning,
I saw him stand in heaven,
The bird's power, the wind's power
Miraculously hold.

Now I will tell you,
Dare my soul to say it,
Speak the name of Beauty,
Accurate and cold.

The NRA—Or Else*

BY ELMER DAVIS

THIS is a study not merely of "American life and the temper of the American people during the depression," as the jacket describes it, but of the factors in that life and tendencies of that temper that may pave the way for revolution; coupled with some peerings into the future, forecasts of the direction in which present trends are likely to lead us. Mr. Hallgren deserves the credit that belongs to the man who sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. Apparently he wants revolution, and a genuine blown-in-the-glass proletarian revolution at that; but he comes to the conclusion that "while the capitalist crisis is inevitable, the proletarian revolution is not." For a revolution as distinguished from a riot, local or general, must have leadership, organization, direction; "only an aggressive, competently led insurrectionary party can take advantage of the crisis." In present-day America there is no such party. "The only hope," thinks Mr. Hallgren, "lies with the communists"; but with ideal communists, hypothetical communists—not with the communists we actually have. These waste their time and energy in intestine bickerings, they talk "a jargon unintelligible to the average American worker"; and at best they are only errand boys of the home office in Moscow, this latter being "made up mostly of Russians who have never been out of their country" and are ignorant of American conditions.

What are these conditions that would make a communist coup d'état in the United States so difficult? Not what the conservative might think—patriotic devotion to the institutions of the fathers; they are mostly matters of industrial geography.

> Every one of the major geographical areas of the United States is so highly developed and integrated that it is, or could quickly be made, self-sufficient, at least for the purpose of holding out, so long as that may be necessary, against a small revolutionary party in control of some other section of the country. . . . It is obvious that the insurrection would have to be timed so that every strategic center, every necessary line of communication, could be taken over simultaneously throughout the country. And it is just as obvious that such a vast and delicate undertaking could not be directed by persons unacquainted with the American scene and sitting in some foreign city. Nor apparently by their local representatives, of the present type.

To almost everyone but the communists this will seem self-evident; but its admission by a man who does not expect the revolution he would like to see may cause much satisfaction to the conservatives. It is to be hoped that they will be so delighted that they will want to read the book, for they will find a good deal in it to jolt their complacency and force them to a contemplation of the real dilemma at present confronting the nation—a dilemma the more disquieting in that one of its horns is shrouded in impenetrable and ominous obscurity. If the NRA fails (and Mr. Hallgren argues, though not very plausibly, that it must fail) no man knows what may happen; the one thing that may safely be predicted is that whatever happens next will be impromptu, irrational, and impermanent; a blind step on a road leading further into the dark.

Moderate readers may be alienated by Mr. Hallgren's evident bias. He does not hesitate to impute malignity to people he does not like, where less class-conscious critics would see only slowwittedness; and he curiously uses the word "frankly" to mean "in my opinion." A man who is "frankly prejudiced" is not a man who admits and glories in his prejudice, but a man whom Hallgren considers prejudiced—that is, a man whose views differ from Hallgren's. Marxian ideology colors most of his judgments; the embattled farmers of Lexington and Concord were merely "pawns of the tradesmen and smugglers"—which is true enough economically, but assumes that all emotion springs from the conditions of production, a doctrine which some of us retain the privilege of doubting. And when he explains the offensive against the bonus army by the assertion that "the White House and the War Department knew that in the interest of the class war every indication of a possible proletarian uprising, however innocent or insignificant, must be forcibly and ruthlessly suppressed," he indulges in a simplification of psychology too naive for any but the devout. That was part of it, perhaps, but not all.

Nevertheless, his bias does not affect his accuracy as a reporter, and where it colors his interpretation the coloring may easily be discounted. For example, he ascribes the criticisms of Technocracy simply and solely to the fact that it was "high time that the idea be suppressed with every means at the command of the capitalist class." Again, that was part of it; but a great many people who had no particular interest in capitalism wanted to find out, when a dictatorship of scientists was proposed on scientific arguments, whether the scientists could do simple arithmetic. Mr. Hallgren ignores or misrepresents these votaries of the Old Dispensation who regarded accurate figures as more important than class consciousness—but that does not prevent him from giving a very fair account of the rise and

* *SEEDS OF REVOLT. By Mauritz A. Hallgren. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1933. $2.50.

This Week

KING EDWARD VII
By E. F. BENSON
Reviewed by André Maurois

FISHES
By LOUIS ROULE
Reviewed by John T. Nichols

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: HIS DAY
By FAIRFAX DOWNEY
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

KINGDOM COMING
By ROARK BRADFORD
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE MEANING OF MODERN SCULPTURE
By R. H. WILENSKI
Reviewed by Frank Jewett Mather

THE ROMANTIC AGONY
By MARIO PRAZ
Reviewed by Arnold Whitridge

Next Week or Later

LLOYD GEORGE'S MEMOIRS
By HAROLD NICOLSON

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fall of Technocracy, and a sound assessment of its merits as well as its faults. Instances could be multiplied.

So you can read his report on the national temper with confidence that whatever his opinions, he does not let them interfere except in his interpretation of motives and—the one conspicuous exception, to be discussed presently—in his estimate of the probable workings of the NRA. Much of the material in the earlier chapters is based on articles he wrote for the *Nation* in 1931 and 1932, but it dates much less than you would expect; and even where the conditions he described are changing now, it is well to have what happened on the record. The detail of misery and suffering and inadequate relief need not be dealt with here; what is important is the effect of these things on the growth of a revolutionary temper, and a non-revolutionary reviewer found Mr. Hallgren's generalizations on this point thoroughly convincing.

HOLDING BACK THE CROWDS AT THE NRA PARADE. *Photo by Pathé News*

Conservatives who find them unpalatable should not let themselves be repelled by his Marxian ideology; they had better consider how much truth there may be in Marx, not how much error. If in certain respects conditions in the United States are tending, whether irrevocably or not, in a certain direction, you cannot stop that tendency by saying that Karl Marx predicted the trend and that Marx in other respects was wrong. We do not like to think of an American proletariat, an American peasantry—especially as the terms have been grotesquely misused by the class-conscious. But when a survey by Professor Paul Nystrom, in the boom year of 1929, found 22,000,000 out of [illegible] does not lend a very ready ear to the missionaries of the class war; and when we had more than two million tenant farmers before the recent epidemic of foreclosure, it would be rather absurd to deny the existence of a peasantry—especially now that the safety valve of the open frontier has been tied down.

But seeds of revolt, Mr. Hallgren reminds us in a chapter entitled "The Fable of the Proletarian Upheaval," do not flourish very well among the habitually and hopelessly depressed. Historically, successful social revolutions have been led by ambitious intellectuals, from the Greek tyrants to the Russian Communists; the proletariat or the peasantry, left to itself, can accomplish no more than a riot or a jacquerie—destructive, perhaps, but ineffectual. What, then, are the precedent conditions of revolution? Mr. Hallgren quotes Lenin, who certainly ought to know: "A conscious, firm, and unswerving resolve on the part of the class-conscious elements to fight to the end; this on the one hand. On the other, a concentrated mood of despair among the broad masses, who feel that nothing can now be saved by half measures." The past four years have done far less than might have been expected to foster the first of these conditions in the United States; but they have brought us measurably nearer the realization of the second, and it needs little imagination to foresee how despair will spread and deepen, if the half measures of the present administration fail.

Not in the habitual proletariat. Mr. Hallgren cites the hundreds of thousands of vagrants from whom so much danger was anticipated a year ago. "If the fable of the proletarian upheaval has any validity, surely these people, who were so thoroughly proletarianized and had nothing more to lose, would in time have made their presence felt. Yet we have heard little or nothing from them." But people who have never had anything to lose but their chains are apt to be apathetic. It is the man who in 1929 had a job to lose, and a house, and a car, and a bank account, and who lost them; who has nothing to lose now but his place in the bread line—that is the man who is potentially dangerous, and his name is Legion. It is among these "people you really know" that there have been sowed the most fruitful seeds of revolt. . . . The pauper class was certainly no worse off in 1933 than it was in 1929, and in some respects it might even have been better off, for never before in the history of the country had the unemployed received so much attention as during the crisis. It was the petite bourgeoisie, especially the lower grades of that class, who felt the full impact of the depression. . . . Many had felt that whatever might happen to the washerwoman's husband, they were themselves secured against the eccentricities of the economic system. After three years of crisis many millions of them knew better.

But not many of them are inclined to revolution—yet. It was the more foresighted of this group, the author thinks, that gave nearly five million votes to La Follette in the presidential campaign of 1924—"the deep social significance of which has been overlooked"; and in 1932 the same people wanted not to destroy the system but "to check or control the factors which had been at work to overthrow the established order" by concentrating more power in the hands of the rich. Being unorganized as a class, they turned to "the only agency that held for them any promise of assistance in their struggle, in short to the State." They elected Roosevelt with a mandate to set up a planned economy that would "restore the balance between the classes and eliminate the iniquities in the [illegible] wonder just how many of the twenty-three million who voted the Democratic ticket had ever heard of economic planning, or could make anything coherent out of the nebulous campaign talk of the New Deal; but at any rate that is what they ought to have wanted, and what—by an unpredictable and undeserved miracle—they got. To the revolutionary mind this is of course ludicrously inadequate; Mr. Hallgren's criticism of the NRA marches with relentless logic to a dire conclusion. But a book published now had to be written before he had anything but logic to go on; and in a universe whose ætiology is (to all but Marxians) complex and obscure, relentless logic is not always the safest of guides.

Mr. Roosevelt, one discovers, meant well but was "too eager to please"; hence he was "destined to become not a strong President but the puppet of the monopolists." The monopolists, at this writing, do not seem aware of it; but perhaps they are concealing their glee, with capitalistic guile. For most of the details of this puppetry, however, Mr. Hallgren has to leap into the future, and it is a pity that he could not look first. If the puppetry consists merely in this, that Mr. Roosevelt is endeavoring to preserve the profit system, it must be remarked that he was not elected to destroy it—a fact which the author concedes; further, it remains to be seen whether he will preserve the profit system, in substance, if its preservation turns out to be incompatible with other needs of society.

True, he did not nationalize the banks, at a moment when he might have done so with the overwhelming support of public opinion; but a reviewer who shares Mr. Hallgren's regret that he did not can see some powerful arguments against it, once you grant the premise of preserving the profit system. Control of industry, the author truly observes, implies the rationing of credit; but we may yet come to that. He knew in advance that the NRA would be merely a tool enabling the big businesses to crush the small ones; "can anyone imagine the United States Steel Corporation not laying down the rules that were to govern the steel industry?" Anyone can, *ex post facto*. As for the labor provisions of the NRA, Mr. Hallgren knows that they are only a delusion and a snare; in industries where the open shop has prevailed "even the reactionary leaders of the trade union movement will not be tolerated"; there will be company unions only. Unfortunately for this thesis, the National Labor Board has decided otherwise. Mr. Hallgren quotes Robert P. Lamont's firm statement on June 1st that the steel industry will never negotiate with any but its own employees, and comments, "How perfectly this statement fits in with the realities of the situation!" There follows much rhetoric which does not fit in quite so perfectly with the realities of the situation, since Mr. Lamont was sent out of the room to write a composition a little more satisfactory to his teacher.

These gratuitous blunders would be unimportant, except for the light they throw on the author's earlier theoretical objections to economic planning in general; you know that when he says "this must happen," it is very likely not to happen at all. The central planning board would have to enforce its decisions, silence criticism, forbid strikes; "eventually the planning authorities would take over the entire police and military system of the country." And to whom would this central authority be responsible? Obviously to monopolistic capital, for "those who hold the economic power would be certain to use that power in dictating the form of reorganization."

The alternative possibility, which has actually been realized, that the planning authority should be part of the government, directly or indirectly responsible to the people, our author dismisses with a curt "That would never do." Continuity of policy and balance between industries would be impossible if the economic direction were subject to review by the voters. All those whom he calls Tories [illegible] proven a priori [illegible] not follow that for fear it may be right, we should immediately surrender to a dictatorship none of whose doings are subject to review by the voters.

No sane person would deny the immense difficulties that lie ahead of the NRA program. Even if the codes do all that is hoped in establishing order within industries, there remains the problem of maintaining a balance between competing industries. Labor at the outset has gained immense advantages; but one need not be very radical to feel disquieted by the sudden dumping of a tremendous potential power into the laps of the A. F. L. leaders, who are not equipped either in organization or in temperament to make effective use of it. More perilous still is the question of profits—not the distribution of profits, but whether there will be any profits in sufficient quantity to support the load of taxation that modern federal finance implies. Prices set too low will mean the collapse of the weaker—usually the smaller—businesses; prices set too high will mean a buyers' strike, with the same ultimate result.

HOLDING BACK A COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION: UNION SQUARE, 1931
From "America as Americans See It," edited by Fred J. Ringel, Harcourt, Brace

A reviewer who has done some easy target practice on Mr. Hallgren's bad guesses should in all fairness set up a guess of his own for the skeptical to shoot at—namely, that the National Recovery Administration will have to go much farther, exercise a much stricter control, than is now generally expected, if it is to succeed at all. If it does succeed we can all draw a deep breath, and return thankfully to whatever matters preoccupied us before 1929. But if it fails—

Mr. Hallgren, on this point, takes refuge in a prudent vagueness; if no party is then prepared for a coup d'état "capitalism will be left free to try other ways of saving itself." What ways? Fascism or national socialism or whatever you call the general system of governmental control combined with the profit principle would *ex hypothesi* have been discredited; and a return to the old economic anarchy is highly improbable. No capitalistic ideologist has yet offered us a third choice. There might be floundering, inadequately reasoned endeavors to establish some new kind of order; but behind it all, weighing on every man's consciousness, would be the deepening of a concentrated mood of despair among the broad masses.

Barring the improbable development of the communists into a party capable of mastering the enormous difficulties of an American coup d'état, what else might happen? Revolutions in this country are most easily accomplished through the medium of a presidential election; in 1828, in 1860, in 1932, we had revolutions of this type, even if they did not go so far as what the Marxians call revolution. It might be done again, and more radically. In 1932, as Mr. Hallgren truly observes, "there was nothing the Socialists could offer the voters that the Democrats could not duplicate," and the Democrats had the further advantage of not "offending the capitalist sensibilities" of the average voter. But if the Roosevelt program fails the Socialists will be able to offer something in 1936 that the Democrats cannot duplicate, and the capitalist sensibilities of the average voter may by that time be far less sensitive.

That would be the logical outcome—the desirable outcome, supposing the failure of the Roosevelt program, for those citizens whose concern is with the welfare of the country rather than the demonstration of *a priori* dogmas. Yet there are serious obstacles in the way of its realization. The first one that will leap to the Marxian mind—that the capitalists anyone would have predicted a year ago; they might surrender more still, if they saw that it would be conducive to their personal safety or their ultimate welfare. Certain qualities in the American character that emerge only in a crisis—call it sportsmanship, sense of humor, what you will—are imperceptible to the revolutionary observer, but none the less they are there; and they might carry us over that hurdle.

But there remain mechanical difficulties that might be more serious. One is the fixed date of our elections; we should be far better off if the Hoover administration had been turned out when the public first got sick of it in 1930, and there is no guarantee that the next crisis—if there must be one—will come to a head in 1936. Another is the question of political organization; the Democrats and Republicans, meaningless as those names may become in the next four years, have it, and the Socialists have not. Moreover, the present Socialist party needs an immense increment of men of practical capacity. The logical and desirable alternative to the NRA is a long way from being inevitable; at present it is not even probable.

If the NRA fails, no one knows what the next step may be, but in all likelihood it will hardly deserve to be called a step at all—only a stumble into the dark. You may not like the present program; it may go too far for your taste, or it may not go far enough. But until you see some practicable alternative you had better support it, for fear of something worse.

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Life of a Peacemaker

KING EDWARD VII. By E. F. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

THE profession of king, in this day of democracies, has become exceedingly difficult, so difficult, in fact, that the greater part of those who follow it have been forced to seek another occupation. English royalty, almost alone, has persisted through the centuries without diminution of prestige. Of the British crown, indeed, it can be said that, with the possible exception of Queen Elizabeth, it has never in the past enjoyed a popularity comparable with that of the last three sovereigns. What is the explanation of this enduring vigor? The miracle has been the result of a happy succession of personalities and accidents. The accession to the throne in the person of Queen Victoria of a young girl enhanced the loyalty of the English by making of that loyalty an act of chivalry. To yield obedience to a woman, or at any rate to render homage to her, is far less irksome to the citizen of a liberal state than to bow before the will of a man. "Do you know," said the daring Duchess of Burgoyne to Louis XIV, "why it is that queens are usually better than kings? Because, when a woman is on the throne, the men govern, and when a man is, it is the women who rule." Nevertheless, after some years during which she had been worshipped, the relations between Queen Victoria and her people became considerably strained. Her marriage with a German prince, a man intelligent but autocratic, had made her position difficult. The premature death of Prince Albert, the widowhood and retirement of the Queen who made of her consort an almost mythical personage, the good sense and the diligence of the aged sovereign raised her, toward the end of her life, into a sort of idol.

It is a striking but undeniable fact that in many biographies in which the Queen ought to appear merely as a secondary figure, by the force of her personality she usurps the center of the stage. It is impossible to write of Disraeli or Gladstone without giving the leading role to this old woman. Mr. Benson himself is no exception to this rule. In his volumes of reminiscences he has already written admirably of Queen Victoria. To me the first part of his "Edward VII," in which she is still living, is the best. He needs but to quote from her astonishing letters, with their underlined phrases and their vigorous indignation, and at once his pen takes on a Stracheyan accent. The more that is written about her the more plain it becomes that Queen Victoria was a great *man*.

It was to be feared that the accession of her son to the throne would destroy the spell her personality had woven. "He will not be the king his mother has been," said an Irishman at the time. She had kept him aloof from public affairs with a distrust and a jealousy difficult to imagine. At the same time as she refused him a part in serious matters, as Mr. Benson justly remarks, she blamed him for spending his time frivolously. But what could the unfortunate man do? Open hospitals and flower shows, attend the races, gamble, travel, and take mistresses. . . . It is activity alone which delivers a man from temptation. It was denied the Prince of Wales, so he passed his time habitually with gay companions like that Charles Beresford of whom Benson says, "he would flirt with his own grandmother if there wasn't any other woman handy," and whom the Queen called "little rascal." A poor choice of companions? Perhaps, but certainly it was his mother, whether she knew it or not, who chose them for him.

The tragedy of King Edward's life lay in the fact that he did not reach the throne until he was a sexagenarian. It was its triumph that despite this fact, and despite the universal distrust at the moment of his coronation, he left the English crown, nine years later, not only as firmly entrenched but even more popular and enveloped in greater prestige than at the moment of Victoria's death. By what qualities did he achieve this? In the first place through exceeding moderation and unreserved acceptance of the popular will as it was expressed through the House of Commons. He understood well that a constitutional monarch can only survive on condition that he never enters into conflict with this will. Was he therefore powerless? Not at all. Because of his very moderation, he came to be an arbiter; he was the court of last resort for the nation in case of conflict precisely because he was beyond all parties.

Was he intelligent? Yes, after his fashion. He had little interest in ideas; the only author he read was Marie Corelli (Benson tells us that at Marienbad he talked at length with this novelist about her "Sorrows of Satan"); he liked a light comedy, and refused to go "officially" to see a Shaw play; he did little reading of ambassadorial dispatches, preferring to get his information through conversation. But he was an excellent judge of men. He knew the political personnel of Europe better than any of his ministers, and he recognized, from the time of the Kaiser's youth, the danger that threatened international relations from the unstable and morbid character of the German Emperor.

King Edward has often been represented as an implacable enemy of the Kaiser, seeking to encircle him and to array France and Russia against him. This is entirely incorrect. Quite to the contrary, if the diplomatic documents of this period are read with care, evidence of the prudence of the King will appear. The Kaiser, far more brilliant and emotional than his uncle, ascribed to him his own ambitions, and imagined him discussing affairs of magnitude in all the courts of Europe. In reality, more often than not, King Edward smoked large cigars after excellent repasts and longed to have some one regale him with amusing stories. He intervened only when a situation became grave, and then almost always to counsel moderation.

The only criticism which can be made of this excellent book is that it does not handle its subject in the direct and intimate manner which has hitherto characterized the work of its author. E. F. Benson has already published two charming volumes of memoirs covering the period which is the theme of this book: "As We Were" and "As We Are." One gets the impression, in reading his biography of King Edward, that he was a little hampered by these earlier works. For Mr. Benson was a contemporary of King Edward; he knew the greater part of the actors in the drama, he was their friend and their intimate; but it is only rarely that he allows himself in this work to make use of the remarkable personal knowledge he has of his subject. He writes of Edward VII as an excellent and conscientious historian, but a little as he might write of Henry VIII or Richard of Bordeaux. That doubtless was the task which he set himself; the reader, however, cannot but prefer those passages in which Mr. Benson consents to forget that he is a historian in order to become a memorialist.

KING EDWARD SOWS THE DRAGON'S TEETH
A cartoon by Adolf Hengeler, occasioned by King Edward's share in the Anglo-French Entente

André Maurois, whose "Disraeli" had a wide public both in Europe and America, is about to publish a life of King Edward VII.

The Next World War

WHAT WOULD BE THE CHARACTER OF A NEW WAR? By 18 of the World's Greatest Experts. New York. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $2.50.

THIS book is the report of a group of sane and expert observers upon a mad house. It is neither rhetoric nor propaganda; not pro-war, nor except as the facts stated lead the commentators to obvious conclusions, anti-war. Its great value is that experts here explain without sensationalism what will probably happen in and after another war on the basis of what war needs, what war can do, and what can be done to win. Dozens of popular fallacies are exploded in this book. The next war will probably not be more barbarous than the past, because the new arms kill more quickly. Small expert armies are likely to be substituted for great men masses, not merely because war has been mechanized but also because the next war must expect revolution everywhere at home and be ready to combat it. The social effects of another war seem incomparably more dangerous than the mere suffering of battle itself, because in fifteen years we have learned how widespread and devastating were the social effects of the last war. Airplanes will be the first fighting front, but it is improbable that airplanes alone can decide a war. Another war will be intensely on the offensive, and the odds will be in favor not of the nation richest in men, materials, and resources, not, emphatically, with the most advanced nation, but with the country most highly militarized, provided the quick offensive can be made as terrible as science hopes to make it. Conversely, the blockade with its long-drawn out suffering will be broken down to some extent by the conquest of the air. But there is every assurance that except in the case of the speediest and most complete of victories (and here there is much difference of opinion as to whether victories can be speedy) victor will suffer in the long run about as much as vanquished. Heads or tails, both lose, seems to be the motto for all future "civilized" wars. In this summary, however, there is much hazardous prophecy, which in the book itself is hedged about with qualifications.

Perhaps the more technical and less prophetic portions of the book will be of the greatest immediate value. These concern especially the definition of what can actually be regarded as the fighting potential of a nation, a question obviously of the greatest importance in any attempt at disarmament. Here there are numerous disagreements, but a surprising amount of agreement upon such essentials as the relation of peace-time industries and partly trained troops to the potential of actual war. Of deepest interest also is the discussion of the international trade in arms, one of the few businesses that has not gone nationalistic, but still feeds upon dissension everywhere, is willing (apparently) to arm potential enemies or resist by every means pacification everywhere for a price—an industry that is out of control of civilization.

This notice of a highly technical book can only be descriptive and is preliminary to a discussion of this and other books on the subject by an expert. Yet the reader does not have to be technically informed in order to deduce from the cool pages of this volume that the world is in far greater danger than in 1914; that no sane plan leading toward the welfare even of a single nation can be seen in military preparation here and abroad, and that no idea of any possibility except an anarchy of force where the greatest damage must be done without regard to consequences is to be found in the military policies of modern states. Which is to say, so one concludes from this sober, factual book, that so long as the nations of the world contemplate the use of force uncontrolled by an international idea, the next stage of our civilization must be prophesied as exhaustion.

Behavior of Fish

FISHES. Their Journeys and Migrations. By Louis Roule. Translated from the French by Conrad Elphinstone. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN T. NICHOLS

PROFESSOR ROULE is a scientific fisheries investigator. In this charmingly written, colorful narrative he presents the essential known facts about the life histories and migrations of a representative series of European fishes, applicable to fishes of the world in general. He finds that in fishes, as in birds, migration is essentially travel to and from favorable breeding grounds. There is no difference in principle between the movements of fishes which assemble for the purpose of spawning near where they have previously led a more scattered existence, and of those which travel great distances, undergoing changes of environment which may be as great as an aquatic existence permits. He shows how important a part migratory fishes play in making the resources of the sea available for human use.

The line-cuts with which the book is illustrated are attractive and well chosen —they portray a variety of fishes, include a few maps, and show the technique of scale-reading. One may get from this volume a good idea of the various techniques of modern fisheries research, and also of the trend of modern zoölogical research which seeks the environmental and physiological factors that determine the direction of animal behavior, and emphasizes the balance between life and environment. The control of fish behavior by factors of oxygen content, temperature, light, and salinity is perhaps overemphasized; the picture of the behavior pattern of each kind drawn more sharply to fit as a cog-wheel into nature's great machine, than our knowledge will justify; personal hypothesis is not always clearly differentiated from sound conclusions. The argument is too logical to be in harmony with the complexity of known phenomena.

Mr. Roule's book can not be recommended to the student as a last word on the subject, or as a text to which one may unreservedly refer. It can be highly recommended as collateral reading.

The general reader will, we believe, obtain much pleasure and profit from its perusal. It is full of the out-doors, the mystery of the waters, of beauty, and never strays far from the practical human aspect of life. The great amount of information it contains is made unobtrusive. It unfolds the philosophy of a Frenchman and a scholar. In being translated it has in no sense been denationalized.

John T. Nichols is curator of recent fishes at the American Museum of Natural History.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Looking Backward

As the world creaked and groaned on its way through the crisis of the last twelve months, books on its problems were shot off like sparks from its lumbering wheels, and these current-problem books, which flashed their quick opinions and then died out, have had (rightly perhaps) the most talk, the most space, in critical discussion. For when the devil was sick it was cures and causes the devil wished to hear about. It may be useful, therefore, to set down, before the storm of Fall publications descends on us, a few impressions of recent books not of this character, not at all concerned with economic or social change, and yet as important in their way as the best discussions of the gold standard, and more enduring.

Still stirring in the memory of those who read it, must be Whitehead's "Adventures of Ideas," surely one of the most provocative books in popular philosophy since William James. Popular philosophy, since it was written for the practising man rather than the theorizing specialist, yet neither easy to read in spite of an excellent style, nor limited in depth and intensity. This remarkable book best sets forth the implications for thinking and living of the collapse of the foundations of nineteenth century mechanistic science. Whitehead here performs the service, inestimable for the layman, of relating effect with unsuspected cause. He shows the dependence of beliefs and rationalisms which have been used to justify wars and destroy religions, upon a theory of underlying mechanism for all of life which is no longer even a good theory. And avoiding the plunge into vague mysticism of the would-be philosophers among the scientists, such as Eddington, he draws conclusions which free the mind from dogmatism, support and explain the long human struggle to substitute persuasion for force, and establish the identity of a free adventuring in ideas with the advance of culture and progress in the arts of life. Here is a book that concerns itself with problems more fundamental than the business cycle.

A memorable volume of a different kind is the slender essay of the author of "The Shropshire Lad" upon his own art of poetry. A great scholar (though to be remembered for his poetry, not his Latin), A. E. Housman disclaims the title of literary critic. Literary critics come one or two to the century (he says), but a poet and scholar widely and intensely read may have critical opinions which are valuable experience because they are matured by experience. And indeed there is no new idea in this little essay upon the difference between pure poetry and wise or witty verse, only an impeccable taste in his quotations, and a description of what pure poetry means to the cultivated mind which succeeds where so many recent scientific or historical accounts of poetry have failed, precisely because he defines poetry without destroying it. For no one of the various scholars who have lately revealed so much of the psychological quality of poetry have given convincing proofs that they could recognize great poetry at first sight.

A third memorable book, very difficult to describe in a paragraph and, in its way, the thing itself which these other books announce, is H. M. Tomlinson's "The Snows of Helicon." It is not a novel, although it pretends to be one, and is electric with the suspense one feels in pregnant hours when the tides of life are changing. It is not an essay, since it deals with men and women in quick spiritual movement, and also with lively physical adventure, and with personalities as much as with ideas. Perhaps it combines some of the best qualities of both in a form which gets a little vague toward the conclusion as if the author, having stirred up the souls of his characters, was not much interested in an end for a story which dealt with timeless problems. But, by chapter and paragraph, the experience of knowing one's self, which is one of the great subjects for important fiction, is certainly more subtly and penetratingly dealt with here than in any recent book, and in a prose which for beauty of rhythm and exquisite expressiveness seems again and again in these pages to be of the very choicest and finest that has been written in English in our times.

Snob Appeal

Only a few years ago we used to read advertisements beginning, "Can you talk about books with the rest of them?" Today this gambit would seem preposterously old-fashioned. There has been a shift of emphasis from literature to news; and along with this, the instinct of emulation has fastened upon other topics of conversation: politics, affairs, recovery. The conclusion, however, is not to be drawn that books are the losers. In fact books have had a large share of influence in this development. As the trend towards pamphleteering, already commented upon in these columns, continues to flourish, more and more books are published because of their application to the problems of the day. The trend of journalistic reviewing, accentuating the immediate, encourages their publication—perhaps, indeed, more than it encourages their circulation. A function of reviewing has been defined by an eminent newspaper proprietor, "to enable people to talk about books without having to read them." It would be easy, but it is unnecessary, to take issue with his definition. Accepting this point of view, then, the tendency of reviewers to emphasize those books which themselves compete with newspapers in timeliness—the shift of snob appeal from literature to news—should ultimately serve as a stimulus and encouragement to the reading of those more timeless books for which reviews do not so readily serve as substitutes. The question whether people talk about books any more becomes academic, and the eminent newspaper publisher is on the other side of the fence from where he started.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

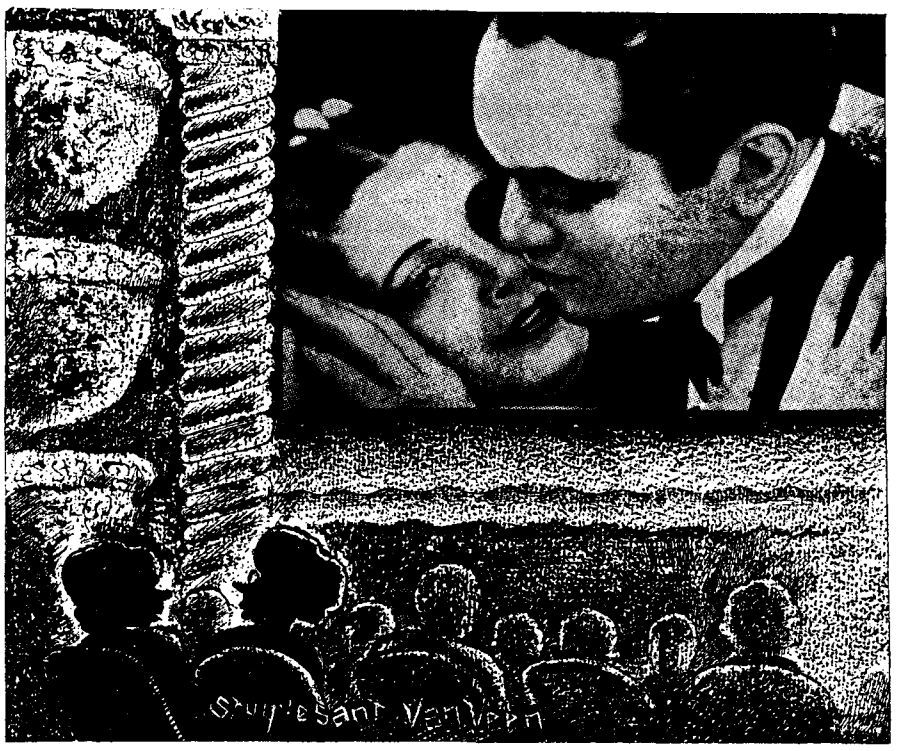
NO SECOND SPRING. By JANET BEITH. *Stokes.* A novel of love and religion in conflict with untoward circumstance.

SIDNEY AND BEATRICE WEBB. By AGNES HAMILTON. *Houghton Mifflin.* An account of two of the most notable socialists of England.

SEEDS OF REVOLT. MAURICE HALLGREN. *Knopf.* Impressions of economic conditions in the United States.

This Less Recent Book:

BRITISH AGENT. By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART. *Putnam.* Experiences in Russia before and after the Revolution.



"I DON'T REMEMBER THIS PART IN THE BOOK."

To the Editor: *Emotions and Ideas in Modern Poetry*

Materials of Poetry

Sir: Since when are questions like, "Why are men born?" "Wherefore do they live?" "Where do they go?" examples of questions which a poet may answer from irresistible, emotional intuition? And since when do little matters like personal heartbreak, though valued anew, because given voice in a manner humanly perfected, become illustrative of arid intellectuality?

Really, my calm philosophic spirit was almost provoked by Miss Walton's recent categoric utterances on the subject of poetry. Where does emotion end and the intellect begin? Can't an idea, yea an abstract idea, carry some men from the arms of ecstasy to anguish, and back again? If so, why can't a very theory of relativity precipitate emotional poetry? Or can't the eternal feelings of love, grief over the loss of a loved one through death, fear of death, wonder about the meaning of death, etc., etc., touch some so superficially as to make their remarks the merest of *intellectual* exercises?

CECILIA ALLEN.

Boothbay Harbor, Maine

60,000 Book-Lovers

Sir: A few years ago I sat in the offices of a New York publisher and heard the gloatings over the fact that the first limited edition of "West Running Brook" had been oversubscribed; was it 1,000 copies at fifteen dollars or 1,500 at ten? I wondered then how many possible purchasers of such a book, "sight unseen," there might be. Mr. Winterich's nose-count is one with a wide spread, but I believe that his larger figure is under actuality.

There are some two hundred collectors in the club to which I belong; the Grolier must have several hundred; the *Colophon* prints 3,000 copies; scores of book lovers' clubs in the land must total tens of thousands; there are—one may say—as many collectors who do not belong to such societies; hundreds of colleges and universities are collecting in special fields; nearly every man with his name on a door in an office building has collected some volumes; every employee of a publishing house is very likely storing contemporary firsts away for a rising market; authors often hold on to their own early tomes and slip them out later.

A printer of unusually beautiful material once said in my hearing that there are some sixty thousand potential purchasers of fine, old, rare, special books in the United States.

CLARENCE STRATTON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Technocalamity

Sir: Accept my congratulations for your astuteness in assigning to Harold Ward the review of Bassett Jones's "Debt and Production." It is highly gratifying that at least one review of this book should have been written by a man who possesses a detailed understanding of what Technocracy is about. A simultaneously appearing review by Stuart Chase suffers, despite the prominence of its author, precisely because he allows his deficiencies in actual knowledge to be made up for by an unsatisfactory sort of swashbuckling.

At the same time, I must call you to account mildly for the cutting of Mr. Ward's review, which I had the pleasure of reading before it went to press. In the paragraph you deleted Mr. Ward called attention to the very important fact that it is customary in science to give exact credit for all sources in research, and Mr. Ward specifically called Mr. Jones to account for transgressing this essential canon of conduct. This was an important thing for the public to realize; and in the review as printed they can only get it by inference.

Particularly is it important, because many reviewers are bound to write about the book in an obscurantist manner, and there should be at least on record this one unequivocal treatment of the issue.

ALLAN LINCOLN LANGLEY.

New York, N. Y.

Not a War Play

Sir: To think that L. E. D. would find the "Dynasts" irksome because he regards it a war play! "My argument is that war makes rattling good history," says the Spirit Sinister. Even so I can't believe that any subscriber of the *Saturday Review* (which in itself indicates certain intellectual attributes, I, of course belonging to that fraternity) would grudge $4.50 for owning Act 2, Scene 5 where the *pièce de résistance* is about babies! But then maybe L. E. D. is a woman and may have married a "fiery sojer!"

There are many cheaper editions of the "Dynasts," but do forgive Mr. Christopher Morley and "persist to read," and if you won't, after my solicitation and Mr. Morley's praise, I can only say with Mehitabel, "Miau!"

L. I. E. J.

Webster Groves, Mo.

James Editions

Sir: A note concerning copies of "Terminations" and "The Spoils of Poynton," which have recently come into my possession, may be of interest to your readers, especially to collectors of Henry James.

In both instances there is nothing on the title pages to indicate that the copies are not genuine British first editions, and the likelihood of James's popularity in the nineties being great enough to warrant more than one printing in a single year seems extremely doubtful. But comparison with the collations in the Phillips bibliography reveals the fact that in addition to minor differences these title pages are printed entirely in black ink, where the collation calls for black and red.

To my inquiry, Heinemann has written as follows: "The copies you have with the title pages in black ink were done up from the sheets of a Colonial Edition printed for sale only in the British Colonies. As the demand for these books did not justify a reprint, this method was adopted in order to keep the books in print. These copies cannot be considered as first editions. . . ."

I do not know what other novels of James may exist with the same printing history. It would seem strange if the same device had not been resorted to with others besides "Terminations" and "The Spoils of Poynton."

EARL DANIELS.

Hamilton, N. Y.

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R. H. D.'s Best Story

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: HIS DAY. By Fairfax Downey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ON page two of this biography of a once enormously popular writer, Mr. Downey makes an excellent remark:

> Richard Harding Davis was born with a silver pen in his mouth, the collaboration of a newspaperman and an author of fiction.

That is exact. He was also born with a fine physique and remarkable good looks. He was his friend's, Charles Dana Gibson's, model for the Gibson Man.

But—it seems strange to say, "in spite of this!"—and in spite of the fact that most of his literary work has retained no lasting quality (we would except such a short story as "The Derelict" and such a fine dog yarn as "The Bar Sinister") the half legendary "Dick" Davis remains a character of brilliant color in the history of American letters. He represents the popular writer at his best as a person. He had notable qualities of character, an unusually fine chivalrousness, he saw life gla-

A GIBSON DRAWING WITH DAVIS AS MODEL

morously, and he was usually having a gorgeous time of it. Such people greatly enhance the world, they lend it a cocktail tang. Davis wrote of life as he saw it, which, for all his realism, was chiefly through romantic and sentimental rose-tinted glasses. And he wrote in a healthy and manly fashion entirely natural to him. His best characteristic was his curiosity about events. He had to see them happening. Strange as it may seem, I still believe that the late Richard Harding Davis and the late John Reed had much in common as reporters and writers, despite the fact that Davis was usually conventional and Reed became entirely communistic. They had the same boyish enthusiasm, dash, delight in a good "scrap," vigorous appreciation of the picturesque. Both were entirely masculine, democratic, American. Davis was a stickler for etiquette, Reed quite the opposite—being a rebel—but both were of the best American breed, courageous, independent, cocky (if you like), but genuinely talented.

Davis, loving the British, was no snob about it, however. In the Boer War he made no bones about where his sympathies lay. He meted out criticism of the British when he thought it deserved, and he continued to regard Oom Paul's people as very similar to those embattled farmers who "fired the shot heard round the world." That was at one of Davis's many wars. In his last one, the Great War, he campaigned valiantly for Preparedness—but he also went to Plattsburg, training with men far younger than himself, exerting his aging physique beyond its strength, and he served bravely with the pressmen overseas, encountering considerable dangers.

Mr. Downey has given us a good chronicle of this admirable individual; admirable in many ways, purveyor of romance to the many, "broth of a boy" of the Gay Nineties, inseparable from one's picture of older Manhattan. He was distinctly of his period. In good looks, athleticism, talent, and love of adventure he became the *beau idéal* of a whole generation of American boys and girls. He fitted almost too aptly the proportions of their dream. Just as Charles Dana Gibson made his beautiful wife, born Miss Langhorne, the lovely aspiration of thousands of romantic youngsters who followed the "Gibson Girl" through the pages of *Life*, so Richard Harding Davis, even had Gibson never drawn him, seemed the heaven-sent embodiment of American youth's ideal of manly beauty. Even the syllables of his name were just right. It almost seemed as though he had written himself and stepped directly out of the printed page!

Richard Harding Davis contributed genuinely to the people's entertainment in his time, and if the product he purveyed was not of enormous value, there was, at least, nothing cheap about it and nothing bogus or hypocritical in Davis's attitude toward the standards of conduct it upheld. Of no powerful intelligence, he was yet a clean-living and courageous man with a notable personality. And, even though he knew this fact full well, he succeeded in endowing that character with considerable charm. "Dick" Davis's was just about the best story he ever wrote!

Old Friends Return

RETURN. By Michael Home. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. $2.50.

HERE is a book which ought to be one of the season's big sellers; for it tells very skilfully the rags-to-riches fable that can hardly be bungled even by writers much less talented than Mr. Home. Not that Harry Francis ever attained riches; but, born the son of an English laborer, he rose to be a Bachelor of Arts, a schoolmaster, and a major in the war; the possessor of a comfortable income, and indistinguishable to all outward appearance from a gentleman. To some, possibly, this will seem an old-fashioned and sentimental tale; but it is made of the stuff of familiar human experience, and told as well as Mr. Home tells it, it ought to please the great majority, who will not object to its considerable length.

It is an arguable point whether Harry Francis or the countryside that produced him is the protagonist of the book. For the landscape of a certain part of Norfolk Mr. Home has that passionate love that so many English authors feel for their native scene—something different in kind as well as in degree from any American's sentiment for his home, something which perhaps you cannot feel until your ancestors have been buried in that soil for a couple of thousand years. The scene as well as the characters is an integral part of the production, yet you can hardly fail to like the characters, too. Besides the bright boy, hope and eventual mainstay of the family, you have the devoted and ambitious mother, making every sacrifice to realize in her son what she missed in herself; the genial and worthless father, continually dragging down his family financially and morally; the likable and shiftless brother, the sisters good and bad, the friends in higher spheres who gladly give the ambitious boy a hand up. All old friends, perhaps, but they are not types, Mr. Home manages to individualize them all.

It is a satisfying story, in an age when most stories, deliberately or unconsciously, are apt to leave their readers unsatisfied; and the satisfaction it gives is plausible and convincing. Yet—it would have been better still if Mr. Home could have refrained from occasional editorial intrusions. Not content with showing you the successful struggle of Margaret Francis and her son, he intervenes now and then to give them three cheers, whether the applause is deserved or not; though it can be said of him, as has been said of Tacitus, that as a faithful reporter he supplies the evidence for correction of his own editorial bias. Moreover, in the dealings of Harry and his mother with his father there is a touch of smugness which the author who sets it down does not seem to recognize. Charles Francis was certainly an ornery old reprobate; but you cannot help feeling that anybody who was not personally involved in his fortunes would find him better company than his virtuous wife or his successful son.

Let My People Go!

KINGDOM COMING. By Roark Bradford. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN a magnificent advance from his high black vaudeville of Heaven and the Mississippi Valley, Roark Bradford has written the story of slave aspiration for freedom in one of the richest and truest historical novels that have ever come out of the South.

In a sense his book is a new handling in the earthy terms of the slave quarters of the old theme of man's quest for the islands of the blest and man's old experience in finding both his goal and futility at the same time. It is also, however, a living and true picture of life in the slave South and of the remote, exciting war which brought to the slaves a puzzling freedom, a freedom altogether different from the legend which slipped back along the dark route toward the North star.

Mr. Bradford's story is of Messenger, named after a race horse and a rider and driver of fine horses, and his son, Telegram, by Messenger out of Crimp. In these two men's lives, Mr. Bradford has written with a fine restraint the tragedy of two good black men in two generations in the South. White men sent Messenger to his tragedy, white men and his wife, Crimp, who could not keep her skirts down in the big house where the young gentlemen were. Crimp's yellow baby sent him seeking freedom and finding death in the false blind underground beneath the North star. Telegram's tragedy grew with freedom in the crowded concentration camps in a New Orleans occupied by Yankee soldiers, brown whores, negro refugees, and the dark and bloody cult of Voodoo.

In these two generations, Mr. Bradford has written the true story of slavery and the true story of freedom. Both are sad stories. Never heavily stressed, nor emotionally presented, his picture of slavery is both more convincing and more heart-rending than all the melodrama of propaganda in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Bradford understands the quality of horribly casual cruelty which Mrs. Stowe missed for the more obvious sting of Simon Legree's whip. He has caught, too, the bewilderment in freedom of the Negro and his deep disappointment which could never be appeased by the loudest promises of forty acres and a mule. Most important of all he understands the Negro's characteristic of suffering under ingrained discipline and defensive secrecy and of his single escape in flight or violence.

In his drawings of Messenger, Telegram, and old Aunt Free, who raised Telegram while his mother was occupied with the white overseer, Mr. Bradford shows a deeper understanding of the Negro than in any book he has ever written. Their humor is not lost nor the quaintness of their language but neither is there in their portrayal the least sign of straining for an open laugh. The men and women in "Kingdom Coming" are not made for quick comedy but for fundamental reality. They are simple, ignorant, superstitious, and secretive, but deeply capable of suffering. In the terms of their own world they possess the qualities of dignity which makes their tragedy valid and moving.

Mr. Bradford in his earlier works was content to write Negro comedy without creating living characters who could suffer as well as strut and laugh. Now at last he has demonstrated that his knowledge of the Negro is not limited to his August religious meeting or his loud braggadocio and lurid love making, but that he understands as well the more secret workings of black men's hearts.

Personality vs. Plot

ORDINARY FAMILIES. By E. Arnot Robertson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

THIS is the kind of novel which has been done so often and so well since introspection began to concern itself with the moods of youth. Its title is misleading. The Rushes were not ordinary people, and neither were their associates. It was only because the heroine, Lallie, thought that her ex-hero father (who loved to tell about it), and her instinctive mother (who lived in her children), and her extraordinarily seductive younger sister, and the rough and tumble lives they all led, mostly on boats about to capsize or be run over, were ordinary, when they obviously were not, that the story gets a psychological twist that might be called its theme. Actually, however, its merit is the merit of personality,—personalities done with humor and a convincing line. You can't keep a novel, even a poor novel, with this quality down—nothing else makes such interesting reading; and frankly this reviewer got far more pleasure from the portraits in action of this story, than from its not unsuccessful attempt to reveal a girl's subjectivity.

But novels of personality should not rely too much upon plot—as Jane Austen knew. A conventional one is best. This author comes to grief at the end of her book by switching her interest too rapidly toward what is really another story. When Lallie's mother finds her brood is hatched, that is really the climax. Lallie's own charming love affair might have rested then and there and no one would have asked for more. But its frustration after marriage, when the siren sister comes home again, is just either untrue, or a chapter of a new novel. It is much harder to end novels than to begin them. And yet this unsatisfactory ending is only a pendant to a book that makes a go of fancy, and creates real people and a credible and amusing environment. Give it B+ for nine-tenths of the way, and C, only for the last chapter.

ESCAPE OF SPIES FROM CANAAN

Woodcut by James L. Wells, shown at the Art Center Exposition of the work of Negro artists

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Diary of a Biographer

(*Continued from first page*)

formal "Life and Letters" of the Macaulay type which he scorned for himself yet needed incessantly to use, that he came into his own. Incidentally those who have drawn parallels between his work and that of Lytton Strachey, admired at many points by Bradford, may ponder on this passage: "One thing is glaringly patent, so patent that it is difficult to imagine that Mencken had even read the 'Victoria,' though I believe he reviewed it, and that is, for good or bad, Strachey's work and mine are totally different, so absurdly different that it is hard to see why it ever occurred to anyone to compare them:" —a passage which must have been overlooked when the back page of the "jacket" for this volume of Bradford's was prepared. Perhaps his formula was too consistent a formula. One day he declared of it: "It may be that I pride myself vainly even from the structural point of view. My effort may be elaborate, but it may be too elaborate . . too schematized."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

This formulated method of his was so definitely his own that readers of this book can hardly fail to find themselves regarding it as he might have looked upon an identical product of another hand. We have already seen how he related it to that question of the love of fame of which he so often made a study in others. We should see, moreover, on looking closely at its pages, that, whatever the untouched original may disclose regarding the diarist's relations with women as such, that relationship, fully discussed in his "Life and I," is hardly so much as suggested in the pages now printed. Nor is there more than an intimated background of domestic felicities, without the shadows that flesh is heir to. Nevertheless, like "Life and I," the Journal is found to lay frequent emphasis on the phases of Bradford's inner life which seemed to him most worthy of scrutiny because common to humanity and therefore of possible illumination to the lives of others. To certain of these phases let us, then, turn.

Two of the questions Bradford was wont to ask about a character he was studying had to do with his relations to art and nature. Of his own glowing response to the provocations of beauty in the world about him—the skies, the coursing seasons, storm, sunshine, and growing things —the Journal yields innumerable tokens. In the field of art there is little to indicate an interest in pictures, architecture, and other physical creations of man. The art of books in poetry, drama, fiction, biographic and autobiographic record was of paramount interest throughout his life. By its side as another, and perhaps the most sensitive, expression of the spirit behind artistic utterance, stood music, his constant solace and delight. From Bach and Beethoven at symphony concerts to Gilbert and Sullivan—even, in his earlier days, to "Fatinitza"—he found unending pleasure and stimulus in listening to good music. What is more, he mastered the piano sufficiently himself to feed his spirit at home by the adequate reading of the best compositions, with his wife when four hands were needed or with his own two.

> After dinner with H. an exquisite suite of Bach. Oh, the delight, the restfulness, the tranquil, stern comfort of this Bach music, as I so often enlarge upon it. It is not the mere escape from the restless difficulty of life, of my life, which one gets from Haydn and Mozart. . . . I hardly know any poet or any painter to compare with him.

Here, indeed, is a touchstone from which, in another, he would have delighted to draw conclusions.

Another art that appealed to him was that of the theatre, and for a time in the early days of the movies, he looked eagerly, but in vain, for the development of the possibilities he recognized in the picture play. For a time also he seems to have been almost a "fan" in baseball, even as he followed the local school games of football, and attempted billiards himself—quickened in all these instances by the psychologic displays evoked by contests of skill. His picture of himself without reference to these interests would have been incomplete.

So, too, he must have felt that completeness demanded some recognition of his own interest in money. "When I was nineteen," he noted at fifty-five, "I wrote a furious tirade of contempt for money, which I know expressed my general attitude at the time. Alas, my attitude has changed sufficiently in that respect, but I do not know that I am proud of it."

Take another of his favorite topics of inquiry —a man's relations with his friends and with human beings in general. Bradford craved the society of congenial spirits, and realized how much it ought to contribute to his work as a "Naturalist of Souls." Where could he turn more hopefully for the study of human nature than to human beings? In theory there could be but one answer. In practice his complaint that "book friendships spoil me completely for the friendships of flesh and blood" kept repeating itself in a variety of forms. A single passage may be taken as typical:

> *May* 10 [1926]—. . . My attitude towards people perplexes me more and more. In the abstract they interest me more than anything else in the world, that is, in books. I have not only vast curiosity about them, but sympathy and tolerance and tenderness and I hope understanding. Yet when I am thrown into close contact with them, it produces not only weariness, but a teasing irritation, which seems to increase the more I am shut off with my own society, and the less I go among them. Their voices irritate me, their silence irritates me. The stories they tell so illimitably about themselves and their own doings irritate and bore me, yet these very stories are always full of little illuminating details, such as I look for in my psychographical research with such eager curiosity. The only possible explanation that I can see is the old one, which I have propounded so many times, that my irritation is really not with others, but with myself. If I could be invisible and simply watch and overhear, without the hideous intrusion of my own corporeal presence, I think society would be vastly more bearable; but I am always there, and always in the way, and I don't know what to do with myself.

The "hideous intrusion" of his own "corporeal presence" seemed indeed to play havoc with his sensitive nerves. In 1918 he records the self-reproaches with which he tortured himself after attending a monthly dinner of the Examiner Club or a meeting of the Trustees of the Boston Athenæum—the beloved library in which he first learned the pleasures of discursive reading, a place so dear to him that he once confided to his journal, "I should like to be buried in the Athenæum." Some chance remark of his own at one of these gatherings, something he wished unsaid, caused him to bear away "some little sting or barb which is hard to pluck out, and sticks and festers for twenty-four hours afterward or longer." Poor dear man! Having seen him again and again at each of these assemblages I can testify that he never said a word that could have rankled in any breast but his own, or could be recalled with anything but interest.

Bradford was indeed, and preëminently, a man of the written word—or, more accurately, the printed word, for his dealings with manuscript sources were scanty, and here are not mentioned at all. One knew that he was an all-devouring reader —the very nature of his books demanded this of him, and the books revealed it. Yet the extent of his reading, in his own and in a number of other languages, both ancient and modern, receives a sharp and surprising emphasis from his offhand noting, early in his uncompleted sixty-ninth year, that, in order "to get a little reading knowledge of some new language," he had taken up both Portuguese and modern Greek. More astonishing still are the several entries in his Journal describing the appalling systematization of his day, so ordered, to meet the conditions of his health and what he called his "chronomania," that every possible moment was made to count. Late in his life, after describing in detail the plan he was then pursuing, he wrote: "If it be thought that such a programme suits a machine, and not a human being, I can only say that on this skeleton I hang the wildest fury of excited, convulsive thought and imagination that can be conceived, which makes quite variety enough!" To grasp the scheme in anything like its fulness it is necessary to read one of Bradford's own relations of it—and not the most detailed:

> *September* 11 [1897]—. . . In the morning, then, I write till half-past ten or thereabouts. After that, I begin my morning reading with fifteen minutes of poetry, this according to a system which I have followed for years by successive months, first two days of Dante or Milton, then a Greek or Latin play or Homer, then a French or Spanish play, then from the twentieth to the twenty-fifth of the month either English or Latin poetry, then French poetry in alternate months and in the others German, Italian, or Spanish. The remainder of the morning I spend on the American work which prepares for my portraits. In the afternoon, after playing on the piano and doing such accounts or correspondence as may be necessary, if I am at home I read Latin if I have any time before going to work out-of-doors, then, after working and going down for the paper, I read Greek till supper. In the evening I begin first with a few pages of Shakespeare or some Elizabethan play, these all according to a system; then some pages of what I call the gossip of history—letters and diaries—all according to an elaborately prearranged system, which has become part of my life; then a few pages of the great critics, according to a system again. Then some reading in different languages for different portions of the month, then a half-hour of novel or play reading.

On only two forms of reading was he wont to turn his back. One of them is noted in connection with picking up a copy of the *New Republic* in 1921: "Amused at my spiritual attitude with regard to these advanced and radical publications. I shrink from them with absolute terror. . . . Now isn't that a state of mind for a would-be intelligent man to be proud of? . . . I am afraid to read radical books lest they should lead me perforce to radical conclusions and I should feel bound to sell all I have and give to the poor." He dreaded equally arguments in favor of Bolshevism and of the Catholic Church, and writes: "I should discuss and discuss and discuss, go over and over conclusions which I long ago arrived at as the best for me." The Bible, or, more specifically, the New Testament, was also on his *Index expurgatorius*. "I do not dare to read the New Testament," he wrote a few months after disposing of the more modern radicalism, "for fear of its awakening a storm of anxiety and self-reproach and doubt and dread of having taken the wrong path, of having been traitor to the plain and simple God." Perhaps no single fragment of Bradford's writing has been more frequently quoted than the final stanza of his "Exit God":

> I sometimes wish that God were back
> In this dark world and wide;
> For though some virtues He might lack,
> He had His pleasant side.

The sense of light dismissal which these lines convey is utterly belied in the Journal. In his "portraits" the study of a man's relations with God was often an ultimate, and baffling, inquiry. In studying himself the question repeats itself again and again. In 1919 he exclaims:

> Who will tell me something of God? I know nothing about him whatever. It is a mere name, a mere word to me, yet it clings. Why? Mere association brought down from my childhood and thousands of others? Clouds and dreams and reveries, hopes and wonderings and fears? Or is there something deep and mysterious there that really takes hold of my soul? I cannot tell. But still the word clings to me, sometimes in the form of an oath, sometimes in that of an invocation or appeal, but still clings, and it seems to me that it grows.

There is hardly a topic on which his Journal touches, and repeatedly, with more intensity of feeling. It is not to be accounted for solely by his revulsion from overdoses of New England theology on the bleak Sundays of his boyhood. Something inherent in himself kept the question alive. The final issues of life and death confronted him perpetually, in studying himself as well as others. "Here lies one who asked too much of life" was his English rendering of the Latin epitaph he chose for himself. There was indeed no direction in which he asked too little.

In an essay on "Biography and the Human Heart" Bradford made the claim for biography that "it teaches us to understand the lives and motives of others, and nothing is more helpful to us in living our own." In this spiritual autobiography—for it is no more a record of external facts than any of his "portraits"—he has dealt, fearlessly and undoubting, with his own doubts and fears. He spares no record of his devastating paucity of physical and nervous strength, and in the face of it his monumental body of work, augmented by the daily "stint" of which this volume is but the partial fruit, his achievement represents an altogether extraordinary product of courage of the three-o'clock-in-the-morning variety. An ardent, brave, lovable figure emerges from it all — an embodiment of rare possibilities of interest and stimulus to others. Through the study of himself it may well be that he has realized his own conception of the uses of biography more fully than in all his studies of others.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE
Photograph by Bachrach

The admirable Preface with which Mr. Van Wyck Brooks introduces the volume to its readers provides in brief measure all they will need to know concerning the background and personal circumstances from which the Journal proceeded. Incidentally he informs us that he is bringing forth only about one-seventh of the total Journal—some 200,000 words out of an entire 1,400,000! None but the editor himself can know what has been omitted. What has been used plainly represents a judicious and satisfying choice. The book, moreover, has been provided with an excellent, ample index which is bound to be prized by the many who will want to return to the volume after their first perusal of it.

* *

M. A. De Wolfe Howe, for many years associated with the Atlantic Monthly Company and its publications, has more recently served as consultant in biography at the Library of Congress, and visiting scholar at the Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif. His "Barrett Wendell and His Letters" received the Pulitzer Prize for biography for 1924.

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The Bowling Green

A Casual Anthology

W. H. F. writes: "Please give us another *Casual Anthology.* Your selections from others are more stimulating to me than musings of your own."

MATHEMATICIAN AT BOWLS

Someone suggests a game of bowls, and from an old wooden box behind the tallest of the chestnuts the implements of the game are unearthed. Behold a quartet of us lined up for the contest. With the niceties of the game we have but small acquaintance; but one of our number—a mathematical professor—claims to have mastered the rules, and thereafter his word, on all disputed points, is accepted by the rest of us as gospel. Away spins the jack down the slope towards the parapet, and a moment later its cumbrous pursuers come slithering after it, one by one, along the crisp green turf. The mathematician, by the way, put on the wrong bias at his first attempt and finished up at a point almost incredibly remote from his objective. Indeed the game was half over before he finally satisfied himself on which side the bias lay; and even then he was wrong more often than not. But that, after all, is the way of experts when it comes to putting their theories into practice. They know too much—than which nothing is more fatal to effective action.

—*The Spectator* (London).

DECORATION—IN THE CHINESE TASTE

In angry silks the bodyguard stands tall
And frightful in the masks of war,
Where in the shade of his stupendous Wall
Boom cannon of the Emperor.

Great generals dripping emerald and jade,
Patricians since the time of Tang,
Consult of strategy and ambuscade
As deadly as the dragon's fang.

And almond eyes are darting to the hill
Where Tartars harbor. Splendid words
Are gravely spoken and a light to kill
Flashes from jewel-hilted swords.

The bowmen draw their golden arrows out
From quivers carved with gods of ill
And loud and ceremoniously shout,
Fitting to string each gilded quill.

Remote, across the glassy teakwood floor
His New-Found-Flower, timidly
Because of him and the increasing roar,
Fetches the Emperor his tea.

The Son of Heaven on his yellow knees
Regards her with awakened eye,
Sees the light falter through the lattices,
Smiles—but decides to die.

Cut by a master from a perfect stone
The crystal drips a drop of red.
Always imperial but now first alone
Another emperor lies dead.

There is some lesson to be learned from his
Sad history. The moral of the song
Seems bluntly plain and it is only this—
Even a lover cannot wait too long.

HUGH WESTERN.

TALK ABOUT "STYLE"

Thomas Hardy and I first met at a club in Piccadilly where he had asked me to lunch. It is a club where they afterward adjourn to the smoking room and talk for a breathless hour or two about style. Hardy's small contribution made no mark, but I thought, "How interesting it is that the only man among you who does not know all about style and a good deal more, is the only man among you who has got style."

—Sir James Barrie, at a dinner of the Society of Authors, as reported in the New York *Times,* Nov. 29, 1928.

UNDERSTATEMENT

When will some shrewd manager be shrewd enough to perceive that in a world full of dull shrieking the still, small voice, the boast foregone, the falsehood dispensed with, the absurdity renounced, the fact understated, or stated with demurely delicate precision, have power to pique and almost to startle? Imagine a Tube station wall on which half the plays running were puffed in the insipidly bawling old way and the other half were sized up, with a fastidious nicety and containment, for just what they were worth—a weak third act admitted, and comparison with real greatness disclaimed—but still quite an amusing piece on the whole, as pieces go now. With what a glow of respectful liking one's heart would warm to the play thus announced!

—C. E. Montague, *A Writer's Notes on His Trade.*

It is the false poets who offer their wits for the official furthering of contemporaneous causes; true poets hear day and night in their ears the voice of their Father which is in heaven admonishing them to carry, if only a little way farther, that heightened consciousness of existence which is the ultimate purpose of all culture. . . . Like religion, literature teaches us that the true purpose of life does not lie in becoming successful in the worldly sense of the world, but rather in bringing to a fortunate issue the neglected pilgrimage of the individual soul.

—Llewelyn Powys, *Literature and Revolution.*

Probably Michael Angelo came nearer an ultimate expression of life than any other artist, and his face is very sad.

. . . The artist is not to be pitied; he is only to be tolerantly understood as, on the whole, no fit member of a modern community with its engagements and committee meetings, its routine activities . . . only the most ruthless, self-reliant natures can hope to make thoroughly good artists, and even they have to work with one hand while with the other they defend themselves.

—Zephine Humphrey, *The Artist's Predicament* (in *The Saturday Review,* Oct. 24, 1925).

PHILADELPHIA CREAM

Philadelphia! Is not the very name with its pentasyllabic suavity a rebuke to hustle and confusion? On the top of the steps of one genteel old clubhouse stood a butler in a mulberry coat conning the street with a pair of field-glasses. He looked west, and he looked east, then shut his glasses satisfied that there was no one in town. Of course ordinary people were strolling along just as they do in the London West End in August, but that butler did not notice them. "The cream of the aristocracy live in this street," said our taxi-driver, "and there's more cream," he continued, "round the corner."

—James Bone in *The Manchester Guardian* (Aug. 15, 1925).

The poetic literature of England is one of the mightiest efforts that a national mind has ever achieved, but her prose literature has never grown up. It was written on the playing-grounds of Eton. From the Round Table through Scott and Stevenson to Conrad it is always a boy's tale, with adventures borrowed from the criminal calendar, and a psychology that is taken bodily from the cricket-field; and I think it is today as dead as is the literature of Belgium, of Spain, or of Switzerland.

—James Stephens, *The Outlook of Literature* (Century Magazine, October 1922).

It was the war which opened the eyes of the intelligent few in all departments of life to the possibilities of regimenting the public mind.

—Edward L. Bernays (as quoted in *The American Mercury,* February 1930).

The *Minnekahda,* our little planet of 15,000-odd tons, is earthbound, even here in mid-ocean she is earthbound. Three miles of unplumbed water lie between us and solid earth, yet earth binds us steady in the embrace we call gravity. Still, though our ship is bound by earth, she steers by the stars. Possibly that is enough for us to know. No matter how late one muses there is no clearer solution of this riddle of the ship at sea. And when one snaps off the light and crawls into one's bunk, there is a portent in the southern sky, never observed before. Through the black circle of the port-light is hung, remotely, a colossal question mark, nailed up with seven stars.

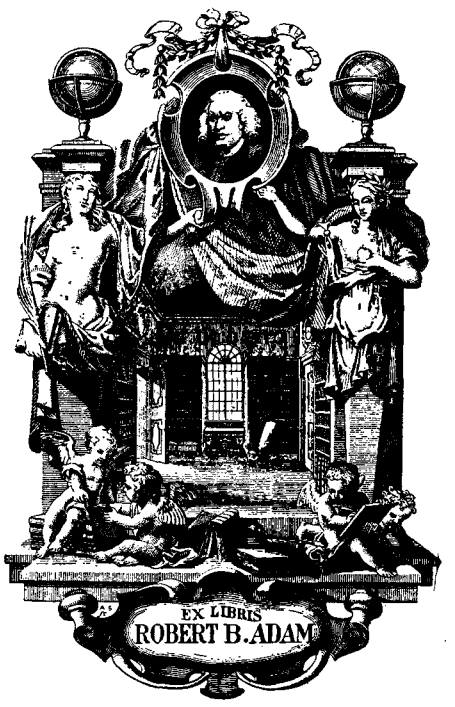
—Dudley Nichols in N. Y. *World* (June 17, 1927).

In every age you will find hardly more than one first-rate critic for six first-rate poets and a dozen novelists.

—Vincent O'Sullivan in N. Y. *Evening Post* (April 27, 1918).

TELEPHONE FINESSE

Most people, when called upon to answer the telephone, require three or four



seconds to adjust their attention to themes and relationships which are probably quite different from those which have been engaging them until the bell rings; and this readjustment is very comfortably bridged over by the hulloing and yessing so strongly deprecated by the Postmaster-General. The use of the telephone in private life often calls for a certain finesse of social technique (or let me say bluntly, subterfuge), and that here too these unofficial preliminaries, dexterously handled, can sometimes make the telephone a really useful instrument. Private subscribers would be well advised to go on using their own instinctive responses, however many million minutes they may seem to "waste."

—Hamish Miles, in a letter to the London *Times.*

The time wasted in listening to pedantic speeches about Art and its relations to the Universe and social phenomena, or in giving out to publicity our metaphysical and insincere artistic *credos,* would be better used in improving our own technical capacity, if any.

—Jose Clemente Orozco, in preface to *Fresco Painting,* by Gardner Hale.

Dempsey is in close now, both working for the body, and while it looks as though Dempsey were getting in a terrific lot of blows, Sharkey stops many of them. They are close all the time, but at the same time Dempsey is putting some hard rights and lefts to Sharkey's jaw when he comes up out of his clinches. Dempsey's right and left to the jaw, and then Sharkey comes back with a left and right to the body, and the round ended in a beautiful flourish. No question about it, that was one nice round.

—Graham McNamee, radio description of Dempsey-Sharkey fight, July 21, 1927.

THE BUTCHER

SIR:—Add to your "Signs and Wonders" a show-card emitted by the famous cosmetician, Houbigant. "Individuelle Hair Lotion," it reads. "*For Sinless Hair.*" You'll find one in almost any beauty shop.

Aside from a Boston truck bearing the caption "A. Bean," which contributed to my personal gaiety while on a recent visit to that town, the most utterly delightful if incredible sign I ever saw was in Paris. I was poking around the old Rue Seine and Rue Mazarin one day, enjoying myself watching the Left Bank buying sausages labelled "Cheval et porc" in the horse butcheries which make those old streets so gay with the bronze horse's heads over their doors. As I threaded my way along, stepping over the cats and the early morning puddles, I spied a tiny shop which hitherto had quite escaped my notice:—

N. Bonaparte, Boucherie.

Now wasn't that perfect?

EVELYN S. TUFTS.

Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

MUCH VIRTUE IN "IF"

Sir: Your note on Concord recalls a pre-breakfast walk I once made on one of the roads near Lexington, when I rushed eagerly forward to read a sign posted on a tree beneath a great ox-yoke painted white in the front yard of a farm-house. The sign read:

"This is the original house at which Paul Revere would have stopped if he had ridden this way."

LESTER LEAKE RILEY.

Great Horwood, Bucks., England.

To celebrate Dr. Johnson's birthday (September 18) the Bowling Green reprints today the bookplate of our old friend Mr. Robert B. Adam of Buffalo, probably the prime minister of all Johnson collectors.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Country Week-Ends

IN A WEEK-END GARDEN. By Maude Stewart Welch. Sears. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

THIS is a pleasant, feminine chronicle of a family of week-end back-to-the-landers who taste the "simple life" and avoid most of its multitudinous complications. A farmer is married to the land, but your week-end lover is not committed, and his visits however regular have a flavor of assignation. The gewgaws he lavishes on his mistress are less for her becoming than for his comfort, and she has had no share in earning them. Week-end gardening, or farming, should not assume too much of a rustic air, it should be content with its proper status as a wholesome form of sport, if an expensive one.

The male (not to say the head) of our present family of week-enders is a city man known to us as "the Engineer." He is a benevolent figure in the background. He has a reliable job. He is capable, under guidance, of buying a stretch of shore acres on "the Island," of consenting to build a house there, of paying for necessary equipment and also for extras like stuffed ospreys, old furniture, and fancy stock from the nurserymen. The chronicler speaks modestly of her "little house," but it has, we discover, the usual studied primitiveness and hardship de luxe of the city man's camp.

The book, however, is more than a series of random notes on country housebuilding and garden-making. Partly because it is the work of a city woman and a novice, its impressions of the country scene have often an uncommon freshness and vigor.

Not least agreeable in these pages, so casual and inconsequent of surface, is the picture that disengages itself of a likable family group detached from the huddle and murk of the city and made known to us as country neighbors. An attractive little book, indeed, whether for gardeners or lovers of the sandy shore-country or cultivators of domestic felicity or addicts of nice people.

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Realities of Modern Sculpture

THE MEANING OF MODERN SCULPTURE. By R. H. Wilenski. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

AN aggressively bad literary style and worse literary manners do not necessarily make a book valueless, but they do make it hard for a reader accustomed to the traditional amenities of criticism. Somewhat grudgingly, then, I shall try to extract from this little book whatever seems valuable after its cocksureness and shallowness shall have been eliminated. One may recover some gold from a generally shallow sluice.

Mr. Wilenski's description of the antecedents of modernistic sculpture is sharply cut and in general truthful. Appalled at the pressure of a mechanical civilization, the artist has developed defensive reactions in the various assertions of romantic individualism, from Goya to the *Fauves*. All this I tried to set forth myself six years ago in my book on "Modern Painting." There I took the position that this romantic endeavor was largely an aberration and sterile, in which view I am glad to have Mr. Wilenski's agreement.

My hope of a remedy lay in some reasonable accommodation between the artist and society—a new and fruitful synthesis. Mr. Wilenski advocates instead an esoteric defensive league of the remnant of true sculptors, the program to be an esthetic as objective, scientific, and formidable as the leading ideas of modern science, technique, and invention. Such a league, he holds, virtually exists in the handful of sculptors whom he celebrates in this book—Brancusi, Zadkine, Epstein, Gaudier, Leon Underwood, Barbara Hepworth, Richard Bedford, Henry Moore, and Maurice Lambert. In their work lies the only reality of modern sculpture and the sole hope of the future. If this be so, the case of sculpture is indeed desperate.

At the outset Mr. Wilenski distinguishes between genuine and popular sculptors, sternly discarding the latter from all consideration. The popular sculptor is he who, to a considerable degree, accepts the patron's conception of the job, and seeks to please the public. Obviously the sophomoric idealism of such a view relegates to the mediocre limbo of popular sculpture pretty much all of the great sculptors of the past. It is nowhere in evidence that the Egyptian or Chaldæan sculptors, the Greeks, the carvers of the kings of Chartres, Donatello, Michelangelo, the unknown cutters of the ebony fetishes of the Congo—it is not in evidence, I say, that any of these artists were at odds with their public concerning the nature of their task nor yet in any way disinclined to please their public. But with history, as we shall see, Mr. Wilenski always has a wild way.

Rejecting what might seem the wise opportunism of the sculptors of the past, the modern sculptor, who is invariably a carver—all modelling being a mixed and inferior art akin to painting—works under ten articles, or commandments, which Mr. Wilenski is obliging enough to formulate for him. I cite the articles with some slight condensation and my own comment.

1. "Sculpture is the conversion of any mass of matter without formal meaning into mass that has formal meaning as the result of human will."

Agreed, so far as the definition goes, but formal meaning is nowhere clearly defined. The issue, which must be faced later, is whether there is any such thing as formal meaning apart from other meanings.

2. "Essential sculpture is sculpture which has the same kind of meaning as the sphere, the cube, and the cylinder."

What's the matter with the cone, the pyramid, the rhomb, and all the polyhedrons? Is their geometrical meaning the only meaning of sculpture? If a sculptor cuts away a cubic block, into a spheroid, depriving it of one meaning and substituting another, does he enrich or impoverish the geometrical meaning? Evidently he adds human will. But is human will valuable *per se*? Mr. Wilenski seems to think all will equally valuable when directed towards the creation of formal meaning.

3. "The meaning of naturalistic or romantic imitation, as Socrates said, is merely empirical and conjectural . . . but the meaning of geometric art is universal and everlasting."

This merely moots the old realist-nominalist dilemma. I decline to debate it, merely avowing that I am a nominalist and seriously doubt if a thing cylindrical be necessarily a joy forever just because a cylinder is a sort of universal.

4. "Sculptural feeling is the appreciation of masses and relation."

True, so far as the sculptor is merely a technician. But the sculptor is also a man, and his masses are generally related not merely to each other but to feelings in the general experience of the sculptor and his fellowmen.

5. "Sculptural ability is the defining of those masses by planes."

True in practice, since there has been sculpture, and a truism since Rodin's published *obiter*.

6. "Sculptural energy is the mountain."

Not quite sure what this means. Perhaps an expression of volume in the abstract. If so, I have no quarrel.

7. "Sculptural imagination is the power to organize formal energy in symbols for the universal analogy of form."

Earlier Mr. Wilenski writes that the sculptor's business is "to symbolize the formal principles of life" which seems to complete the meaning of seven.

This seems to me merely to repeat 2 in a dynamic connotation. The dialectic is only a little better than sophomoric. The generally geometrical organization of living matter is a phenomenon and not properly speaking a principle at all. Apparently all that can be meant is that if sculpture is to have vitality it must use the forms of living matter, to wit (article 2), the cube, the sphere, and the cylinder. So far so good. But what of the logarithmic spiral that generally defines growth; what of the cell as a most elaborate polyhedron?

These are the seven essential articles. The remaining three come merely to the commonplace that the sculptor must work understandingly with his material, that in a puristic sense modelling is not sculpture, and to the final, and very doubtful, dictum that all great sculpture gains meaning when increased in scale.

What is true of this last assertion is merely that any well made work of art holds its meaning surprisingly when enlarged. One may easily test this by throwing a thumbnail sketch by Leonardo, a Vermeer, or a good Greek figurine on the screen. Whether any fine work gains through enlargement is very questionable. For every design there seems to be an *optimum* scale, and there is perhaps nothing more in Article 10, than that any badly designed thing is palliated through minute scale and shown up damagingly through enlargement—a truth after all well within the range of every lantern operator.

It will be noted that when commonplaces have been strained out the new commandments come down to little more than that formal meaning is all that sculpture needs, that formal meaning is epitomized on the three most familiar geometrical shapes, and that other meanings are negligible or at least superfluous. One may be grateful to Mr. Wilenski for his elucidation of Mr. Clive Bell's undefined "significant form," as form, spherical, cubical, or cylindrical, but this doesn't get us very far. On the side of production these maxims come down to insisting that the search for style is the only worthy concern of the sculptor, and that style may and should be attained by conscious endeavor.

Against this austere, not to say pedantic, over-simplification of a really very delicate and complicated matter, let me set the old humanistic and commonsense argument, that style is generally a by-product of an endeavor for something else —truthful representation of something lovingly and admiringly observed, desire to communicate a choice experience to a fit spectator—in short, that the great artist,

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while naturally studious of the technical problems of his craft, is equally concerned with experiences which he shares widely with his fellows, and finally that the great artist normally proceeds from the particular to the universal, and rarely if ever from one kind of universal to another—Mr. Wilenski's program. What we actually have in the heterogeneous modern sculptors selected for praise by Mr. Wilenski is so many sorts of mannerism. Save for Epstein, who is great, or nearly so, only when he is offending all Mr. Wilenski's formulas, we have merely the parading of virtual nobodies—at best of eccentric talents—to illustrate a set of hard principles which they by no means consistently follow.

But the defects of Mr. Wilenski's rather irresponsible showmanship should not disguise the fact that in insisting that formal meaning is the only valid meaning in sculpture—and presumably in all the visual arts—he raises a crucial issue in esthetics which a candid critic should face. Formal meaning is that which is inherent in a few geometrical solids. It is the cubicity of a cube, for example.

To argue this issue in the abstract is impossible here, even if there were profit in such a procedure. It may sufficiently be elucidated in a concrete example, that of a very fine Tang sculpture which Mr. Wilenski reproduces with this comment:

> From the modern sculptor's standpoint this Tang statue is essential sculpture in that it has the meaning of a permanent universal form — the egg; and the linear treatment of the drapery is approximated to painted decoration on the form. The modern sculptors are not concerned with the other meanings which this statue may have had a thousand years ago. From their standpoint those other meanings are of no service because they regard them (a) as non-sculptural and (b) as dead; whereas the meaning of the statue's form is still alive."

To which it may be answered that the "other meanings" are not unsculptural, inasmuch as precisely the artist's reverent concern for them made the statue the masterpiece of sculpture it is. It is absurd even beyond Mr. Wilenski's wont to suppose that a Tang sculptor creating a symbol for Buddhist perfection was interested only in expressing the egginess of the egg. Moreover the "other meanings" are alive—not in all their original peripheral richness, but in a generic way. I cannot imagine even a modern sculptor, or the most ignorant of laymen, being so dead of heart as not to see in this statue a benign and holy denizen of a higher and more serene world than ours. Now this is the central generic truth of those "other meanings" which to Mr. Wilenski are negligible. It will live as long as the stone, then no residual formal meaning will keep the statue alive. It will die utterly. In short, formal effect apart from associational value is psychologically impossible, and significant form is largely shaped by associational values and without them is inconceivable.

The adept of Mr. Wilenski's sort, when he professes to abstract the form from all other meanings, is merely fooling himself—is a poor analyst of his own processes of appreciation. What he is really doing is to minimize the associational range. The way of esthetic wisdom lies in broadening the associational range to the limits that conditioned the artist's creative art.

Characteristically the most amusing part of Mr. Wilenski's book is the least important—namely his attack on those archæologists who have ever held back young talent through inculcating the classical prejudice. The assault is conducted with more vigor and adroitness than fairness. To the positive merit of the sculpture that is surely Greek he is blind. The derivatives of Roman date are called "ninepins" with tedious repetition. That Mr. Wilenski cannot see beyond these ninepins the great statues they at once represent and travesty is merely his misfortune and an index of a certain bluntness as a critic. A sensitive layman, a good archæologist, most practising sculptors from Donatello to Rodin, have made this act of imaginative interpretation without difficulty. That Mr. Wilenski thinks this all reactionary moonshine will neither surprise nor perturb any well-balanced reader of his brilliant but shallow book.

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Two Books on Childbirth

ABORTION! LEGAL OR ILLEGAL? By A. J. Rongy, M.D. Vanguard. 1933. $2.

THE STORY OF CHILDBIRTH. By Palmer Findley, M.D. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

PERHAPS only a member of the medical fraternity can fully appreciate the courage involved in the writing and publishing of Dr. Rongy's volume. Although the layman may suppose that the doctor may say anything and get away with it, every physician knows how far this conception is from the facts—how inhibitory are the taboos, the medical *mores* which surround the medical man who is impelled to take up the cudgels of a cause feared by his colleagues, execrated by the church, denounced by the respectable.

No one who reads what Dr. Rongy has written can question the sincerity of his motives, or the profound need of bringing the facts he has collected out from their dangerous obscurity into the light of public knowledge.

Despite everything which law and church have been able to do in nearly two thousand years, the number of illegal abortions annually undergone, has markedly increased in every country of Western civilization. It is conservatively estimated that in the United States alone nearly two million "illegal operations" are performed annually. Of this number 15,000 die. Now, such an operation properly performed, under aseptic conditions and by a competent operator, is practically without danger—as indicated (says Dr. Rongy) by the fact that in Russia where these conditions are met under state control, out of 40,000 cases there were only two deaths. No country has been able to meet the situation by law enforcement. The midwife and déclassé doctor who have been the "bootleggers" for desperate women, have proved as difficult to arrest and convict as have been the bootleggers of prohibition. In recent years the decrease in the use of midwives and the increasing insistence of women have brought new pressure to bear on the doctor. The result has been the spectacular rise of the "abortion specialist," followed inevitably by the "abortion racket," with its attendant "protection," the coöperation of druggists, the passive compliance of the public—in short by all of the consequences of a legal code in conflict with our national manners.

After a careful analysis of the present-day attitude from the point of view of religion, the law, society, and the doctor, the author concludes that the only possible melioration of this appalling situation lies in the liberalizing of the law and in the broadening of the scope of the physician. At present "the American laws on abortion embody a restriction that may be summed up in one sentence. No physician may interrupt a pregnancy unless he is convinced that its continuation will endanger the life and the health of the patient. The law admits no other extenuating circumstances." Every physician knows that there are economic, social, and psychological injuries resulting from an unwanted child, quite as dangerous to the well-being of a mother and her family as are a bad kidney or a leaking heart. But of these the law takes no cognizance, and he has no alternative but to hand her platitudes when she implores his help.

Dr. Rongy lists seven causes which should be added to the present justifications for abortion. They include: illegitimate pregnancies, cases of incest, pregnancies of the mentally defective, cases of desertion, cases of women widowed while pregnant, too large families for the mother's health, and, when having provided for several children, the father finds himself economically unable to provide for another.

The author is fully alive to the part the birth control movement has played in the liberalizing of public opinion. He feels, however, that abortions belong socially in the same category, and that since investigations have not yet evolved any form of contraceptive which is 100% dependable, we can not in honesty close our eyes to the next step.

This little book then, is heartily commended to all thoughtful persons for their serious consideration. Whether or not one agrees with the author at every point is of little consequence. The importance of his contribution lies in the fact that he has unsentimentally presented an appalling situation with facts heretofore not available to the lay public, and has offered an intelligent suggestion for meeting it. It is to be hoped that the reward of his courage may be an awakened awareness to the need of clear-sighted action.

Perhaps the most outstanding contrast between the medical profession of the old school and that of today is seen in its attitude toward the public. Before the days of preventive medicine, there was practically no disposition to initiate the man-in-the-street into the mysteries of either his health or his diseases. With the rise of preventive medicine, however, the need of lay coöperation became inescapable. The physician no longer desired to remain the sole repository of the secrets of the human flesh. He became not only the healer but the teacher of mankind. Today every physician struggling to rid his art and his patients of superstition and infantilism, is reminded many times a day that this public education, despite the use of books, articles, lectures, radio, is still in its kindergarten stage. Yet the man-in-the-street must be an eager pupil as witness the manner in which he not only suffers but supports—and enthusiastically—these educational advances in his direction.

In Dr. Findley's "Story of Childbirth," there is another admirable book of informative purpose, and one in which the author has confined himself to the perhaps most dramatic specialty of all medicine, obstetrics. Dr. Findley is ideally equipped for his undertaking both by training and by experience. He has made use of a vast amount of historical data regarding ancient customs and tribal taboos, the history of midwives, the discovery and use of anæsthesia. He begins his book with primitive man and ends it with descriptions (and photographs) of the most modern lying-in hospitals. He writes clearly and well. His accounts of the processes of gestation and the stages of birth are complete and easily comprehended. His advice abounds throughout with helpful and sensible suggestions. The illustrations, mostly from old woodcuts, are profuse, and add much interest. He is warily approving of birth-control, and views the widespread practice of abortion with alarm. An excellent bibliography and index bespeak the scientifically trained author, and increase materially the book's value. The format, too, is attractive.

In short here is a book which might well serve as required supplementary reading for all college seniors with a not unreasonable hope that it would make for more intelligent parenthood.

Satanism and Sadism

THE ROMANTIC AGONY. By Mario Praz. Oxford University Press. 1933. $7.50.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

"THE aim of this book," as the author says, "is a study of romantic literature made under one of its most characteristic aspects, that of erotic sensibility." The title in the original Italian, "La Carne, La Morte e il Diavolo nella Letteratura Romantica," gives perhaps a more exact idea of the contents than the English paraphrase, Romantic Agony. Professor Mario Praz has not attempted to prove any thesis but his exposition of the literary manifestations of the flesh and the devil, illuminated with copious quotations gathered from three literatures, English, French and Italian, leaves the reader with all the information necessary to form an intelligent judgment for himself. In spite of the current interest in abnormal psychology Professor Praz is the first scholar to undertake a comprehensive survey of literary decadence.

In the first chapter, entitled "the beauty of the Medusa," he shows how in the minds of the romantics beauty became tainted with pain, corruption, and death. Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans knew that exquisite poetry might be extracted from materials generally considered base and repugnant, but the idea of pain as an integral part of desire had in the early nineteenth century a certain novelty about it. Socrates had ruminated on the close affinity between pain and pleasure, as he rubbed his leg where the prison chain had chafed it, but he would have been very much surprised if Plato or anybody else had deduced from those reflections that beauty must necessarily be insipid unless tempered with bitterness. Professor Praz quotes Shelley's poem on the Medusa in the Uffizi Gallery, as amounting almost to a manifesto of the romantic conception of beauty.

> Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
> Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
> Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
> The agonies of anguish and of death.

It would certainly not be safe to assert that the Romantics were the first to be aware of this particular kind of beauty. The existence of the Medusa proves the contrary but they were the first to discuss it and to analyze it.

Another chapter deals with the metamorphoses of Satan. In Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" Satan is depicted as a grotesque monster. His appearance in the "Strage degli Innocenti" of Marino is very similar except that Marino's Satan is sad because he *is* conscious of being a fallen angel. Milton goes a step further when he confers upon Satan the dauntless courage of a gallant rebel. It was this quality which the Romantics seized upon when they substituted for Satan the traditional type of generous outlaw or sublime criminal. There are a great many of these Fatal Men in nineteenth century literature. Among the best known are Byron's heroes, the Giaour, Lara, and the Corsair, all of whom of course are portraits of Byron himself, not exactly as he was but as he liked the world to picture him. The mysterious origin, the suspicion of ghastly guilt, the pale face and the unforgettable eyes, are the invariable characteristics of these sinister heroes. Schiller's "Robbers" and Lewis's "Monk" are members of the same family. Occasionally the type degenerates into a merely picturesque bandit, but at its best or worst the Byronic hero becomes a demoniac creature dominated by passion. After exhausting himself in the pursuit of the usual vices he discovers a fearful joy in incest.

Though it would be absurd to make any comparison from an esthetic standpoint between Byron and the Marquis de Sade they have both exercised a tremendous influence on modern French literature. Sainte-Beuve speaks of Sade as one of the greatest inspirers of the moderns, while the innumerable Byronic heroes of the *romans-feuilleton* show that Byron had penetrated far beyond the literary élite down to the rank and file of the reading public. Once we accept the theory of the divine right of passion, as Byron did, it is impossible to escape the conclusions of sadism. Moral values are inevitably inverted until vice comes to represent the positive, active element, virtue the negative and passive. Swinburne was not drunk with words when he wrote about exchanging the lilies and languors of virtue for the raptures and roses of vice. He was merely transcribing into poetical language the contrast formulated by Sade between apathetic virtue and triumphant vice.

The apologia of crime as the fundamental principle of all spiritual exaltation is not as convincing to our generation as it was to the nineteenth century. Black Masses, sacrilegious and obscene practices before the altar, inspire us with a sensation of boredom and disgust rather than fear. Such authors as Barbey d'Aurevilly, Flaubert, and d'Annunzio, widely as they vary in the scope of their genius, were alike in one respect. The emotion they wanted to excite in the reader was fear, and fear cannot withstand the onslaught of ridicule. It is difficult for our generation to realize that the poet Gray was honestly frightened by the "Castle of Otranto," and that Coleridge dared not go to sleep after reading "The Robbers." Our standard of conduct may be lower in some ways than it was fifty or a hundred years ago but the saving grace of laughter has delivered us from the nineteenth century insincerities of satanism and sadism.

Professor Praz is to be congratulated on steering the reader through a jungle of eroticism without ever losing his way. Beginning with the cult of the strange and the horrible he has traced the literary descent of such ideas as the fatal woman and the satanic man, with the accompanying embellishments of cruelty and pain, from Monk Lewis and Byron down to Baudelaire and d'Annunzio. He pursues the macabre with unflagging energy in the painting of Delacroix and Moreau as well as in the novels of Flaubert and Barbey d'Aurevilly. The result of this research is not an indictment of the romantic moment such as Irving Babbitt would have welcomed, but a logical explanation of pathological phases of romanticism which scholars have hitherto ignored.

Arnold Whitridge is master of Calhoun College, Yale University. He was until recently assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

THIS week I have three books on my table for particular comment. All of them are American. Of the three, one is by *Robert P. Tristram Coffin*, who has now won a place for himself among the best American poets of his time. This is his fifth book of poems—and his prose work includes two books of essays and three biographies. His present volume, "Ballads of Square-Toed Americans," is endemic and chiefly narrative. *The Saturday Review of Literature* first presented one of the longer narratives, "The Schooling of Richard Orr," to Mr. Coffin's public. I am glad to remember that this journal gave so much space to that poem, because, as I reread it, the imaginative reliving on the author's part of an Indian raid strikes me again, in its forthright vividness, as a remarkable feat. And there are other poems in this book no less noteworthy for originality of treatment. "The Truce of the Mohawks," though not one of the poems designed to carry out Mr. Coffin's more patriotic notion of his book, is an account of an early clambake that appeals to me greatly by virtue of its deft pictorial quality:

Laughing, shrieking with delight
The squaws turned fat clams to the light,
Greeting each big clam with cries.
Papooses with their blackberry eyes
Grave as owls in their surprise
On every sloping back would stare
Down the part in mother's hair.

Mr. Coffin hymns all sorts of upstanding Americans, New Englanders, Chesapeake Planters, even the Mormons. His prologue is a long poem read as the Phi Beta Kappa poem last Commencement at Cambridge. It is "Tristram Winship's" vision of America, an heroic and a poetic vision. It is the idealistic side of the American dream which we forget when we regard some of the more recent results of unbridled American independence. This poem is followed by a Yankee chantey to ancestors whose

hands were like square sails,
They ran the lengths of longitudes,
Harpooning spouting whales.

Then there are "The Men Who Pushed the Forest Down," the Mormons, The Tall Axe Men, and so on. There is a swaggering and amusing "Ballad of a Grandfather," there is an eerie legend of "The Foot of Tucksport," with its reflection cast upon the days of witch-burning. There is a sometimes remarkably impressionistic ballad account of "The Means Massacre," and, lastly, "A Man for a Father" reveals to us the inspiration behind this volume in praise of early Americans:

He loved to sing Belle Brandon *to*
A mellow old guitar,
He loved to see his chimney smoke
Against the evening star . . .

Stories he loved, and he kept men
With beards upon the chin
Hanging on such lively tales
As Chaucer's at an inn.

His son has inherited something of that gusto. Indeed Mr. Coffin's range is notable. This new book is rather different from anything he has given us before. And in all his books he is apt to ambush you with sudden leaping phrase like a burning arrow. One's fear for him resides in his facility. But he is one of the most pictorial of our poets, and the present book, published by the Macmillan Company, should appeal to those who like a picturesque presentation of certain moments of their country's past—an account flavored with the "tall talking" of true Yankees.

CONCERNING AXTON CLARK

"The Single Glow" by *Axton Clark* is a book that may be overlooked by the average reader because it appears under the imprint of no New York publisher but comes from The Villagra Press at Santa Fé, New Mexico (incidentally it is paper-bound and the price is $1.50). Mr. Clark evidently wrote earlier for *The Harvard Advocate* and *The Dial*. "The Single Glow" contains poems written as long ago as 1916, and the latest seem to have been written in 1930. Attributions of place single out New England and Virginia, California and New Mexico. I think you will agree that in reading one of his more recent poems, "The Whirlwind," say, or "Morituri" you are aware of that "immediacy of perception" in Mr. Clark which the veteran poet, *John Gould Fletcher*, claims for Clark's work.

The earlier smartness of "Vicissitude on the Sea Shore," marking the poet entangled in modern influences, is of little importance beside such a sonnet as "Peace at Dusk" toward the end of the book:

I opened the wintry door, and the dusk
with its wave
Of western ice-green, heaven-climbing
flame
Dashed over me, and all my soul became
One breathless fire, and I its breathing
slave.
High sky was a starless, deep-blue light,
and gave
Night to the earth like gently quickening
rain;
A smoke of glowing mist rolled over the
plain;
The mountains shone, day's embers and
day's grave.
Then, slowly, this hot mind turned crys-
tal-cold
Before the frozen flame, my fiery foam
Blown blue in the zenith of that icy dome,
Knowing mere lifeless stone cut clear and
bold:
For more than light the light had grown
a home,
For more than gold the burning day grew
gold.

That is poetry! There are other moments in the volume as interesting as this, moments of genuine sensitivity. There is also, it must be admitted, a good deal of vagueness. But there is never lack of beauty even though it is a tenuous beauty at times. "The Single Glow" seems to me more important for what it promises than for what it performs, and yet it would appear that the poet is already mature and that his apprehensions are of a subtle kind which may never change much in the manner of their expression.

MISS KENYON'S ADVANCE

Bernice Kenyon ("Meridian: Poems 1923-1932" Scribner) has taken a long stride as an artist since her earlier "Songs of Unrest" published some years ago. In the interim a number of her poems have appeared in various magazines and she has improved her workmanship. Her poem "The Letter," in her first section, is impressive, and "Not for Love Only" definitely moving. "Prevailing Winds" is good too. Opening Part Two, the lady's sonnets of protest to the poet who would immortalize her in verse embody a delightfully original idea. And for delicately onomatopoetic expression, note this opening verse of "Interval in a Greek Dance":

Your motion is like a voice trying to say
What no voice can,
Whose notes will suddenly waver and fall
away.
Your steps that softly ran
Swifter than light, and free,
Have paused before an immanent mys-
tery.

Miss Kenyon also writes with descriptive power of the West and South. She has observed cats and swallows with insight. Her final poem, "Peripeteia," is remarkably good. But one of her "Sonnets of the Sandhills" (North Carolina) has so particularly struck me that I must quote it here:

GREAT HEAT

The air is full of thunder. Miles away
Off to the south I hear the great drums
beating
Continuously, their heavy strokes repeat-
ing
My own hard pulses through the blazing
day.
On the flagged path, and on the brown
burnt grass,
Our pine trees print a thin and meagre
shade.
I wait in the drowsy house. I am afraid
Of the bitter world and the even sky of
brass.
In time the drums will be silent, when the
light
Fades redly out across this sandy waste:
Then in the breathless air, all vague and
dim,
But never dark—in the unreal white night
I shall go down to the pool, and at its
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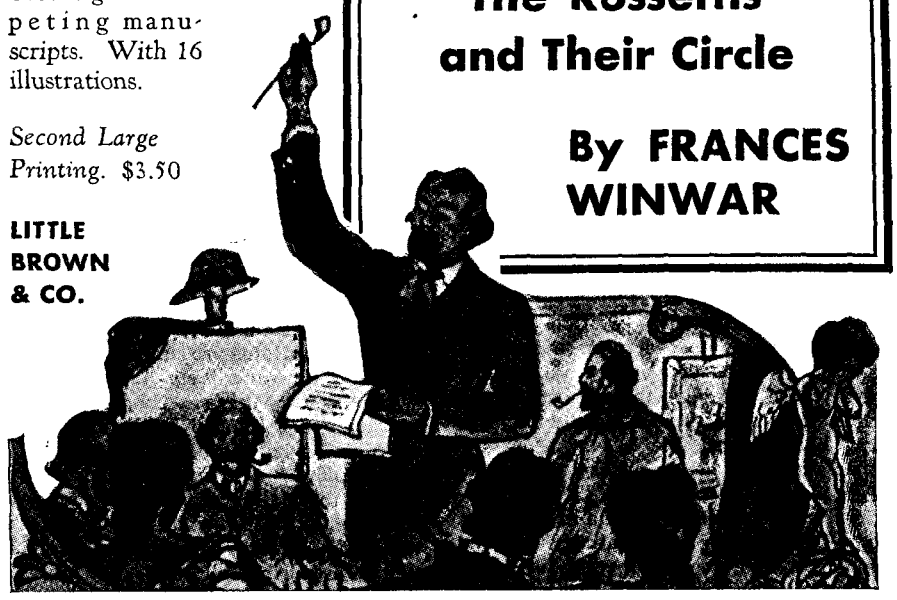

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The New Books

Drama

ORPHÉE. Translated from the French of Jean Cocteau by Carl Wildman. Oxford University Press. 1933. $2.50.

The translator, in his preface to this one-act play, quotes the following remark, doubtless Cocteau's own: "It is not a question of living on the stage, but of making the stage live." The remark fits "Orphée" admirably. Here is, perhaps, the most brilliantly clever thing that Cocteau, a brilliantly clever trickster, has ever written. He has put Orpheus and Eurydice in a Paris living room, mingling the classical manner with something ultra-modern; and those two hostile qualities, recognition and surprise, for once go hand in hand. For sheer virtuosity this is inimitable, and to the play's further credit is a definite emotional effect which springs out of its calculated incongruities. "Orphée" comes as close to being important as an unimportant trifle can come. L. K.

Fiction

TOPS AND BOTTOMS. By Noel Streatfeild. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.

Another competently written English novel belonging to the numerous what-of-it class. When you build up a heroine with whose struggles the reader is supposed to sympathize, it hardly pays to drag her through one misery after another and leave her in misery at the end, even if it is her own fault. Beaty (Beatrice) was a bastard stepchild in a London slum family; adopted by a country gentlewoman, she was just beginning to get rid of her humility and the stepchild complex when her guardian had to go off and care for her sister's children whose father, a music-hall actor, was training them for the variety stage; and thus Beaty was plunged into another set of inferiorities from which she never emerged. Miss Streatfeild's characters are mostly sketches, but good sketches; and Grandma Timpson, the aged darling of the Halls, is considerably more than that. But what of it, what of it? E. D.

DEEP COUNTRY. By Amory Hare. Scribners. 1933. $2.

We have often observed with regret that it is wellnigh impossible to write of a fox-hunting milieu in any land with any real objectivity. Perhaps Mary Borden, some years ago, in her "Three Pilgrims and a Tinker," came nearer to it than anyone, through her story told from the children's standpoint, with a Melton Mowbray background finely sketched in. "Deep Country," by the wife of an M. F. H. of a recognized Philadelphia hunt, is no exception to this rule. Her people, like the horses they ride, must be thorough-going thoroughbreds. Overly romanticized, Mrs. Hutchinson's novel, while it betrays her familiarity with her subject, has not the lively, picturesque quality of M. J. Farrell's Irish scenes, nor yet the charming gallantry of Du Bose Heyward's "Peter Ashley." Besides its sentimentality one deplores certain controversial statements that appear regarding the sport itself, which may well irritate the informed reader.

A book of this kind, then, requires a crackerjack story to set it up. Here the plot is good enough to make one dissatisfied that it is not better. It is a slowly unravelling romance of Peter Kilgarry, country gentleman, bred in the tradition of a life in the open, and Evelyn Wren, his glorious girl of sensitive soul, who exemplifies perfectly the sporting code, "the law that made you do the sporting thing, yes, verily if it cost you all." The writer has mirrored more the superficialities of society than she has penned a fox-hunting tale. The skeleton of her fiction is thinly covered, the arrangement of the characters obvious, and the reader quickly perceives the framework, and feels subconsciously cheated out of what promised to be gay, deft entertainment in an unusual setting. E. L. VAN A.

A GAY FAMILY. By Ethel Boileau. Dutton. 1933. $2.

It must be a tradition in Deepshire, that Ruritanian part of England where so many novels are laid, that no one is ever profound. Mallory Court, the scene of Mrs. Boileau's baffling *roman,* is in Deepshire, and its inhabitants are simply gaga. Alison Mallory, a young forty-five or so, tells whatever story there is. There are hunting pictures, with a lot of English gentlemen in pink coats; there are discussions of parish politics; and since it is smart to be topical, the Mallorys stump the county for their candidate in the strange election that gave Mr. Ramsay MacDonald so many embarrassing bedfellows. W. B.

MISTRESS OF MONTEREY. By Virginia Stivers Bartlett. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.

Mrs. Bartlett has taken the many bright-colored and oddly shaped pieces of the jigsaw that was old California, historically and geographically, and fitted them together to make a bright, romantic novel of the type where plots are plots and motives are motives and no concessions made to Mr. Freud or his followers.

Don Pedor Fages, Governor of the California about the time when America was becoming a nation, is the central figure of the tale. An out and out, objective soldier type, Don Pedro is none the less the warm friend and great admirer of Fray Junipero Serra, the crusading priest who had so much to do with the early history of that long strip of coast land which has since become famous for things less spiritual. The inevitable clash between these two temperaments and the inevitable sympathy between two men of the same calibre, however different, make up one theme, and perhaps the best, of the story. The other conflict is that between Don Pedro and his selfish, luxury loving wife. Here the story goes hand in hand with melodrama. It is obvious that Mrs. Bartlett has adhered as closely as possible to the facts for her novel. The setting, too, is accurately detailed. Perhaps because of this necessity to fit them into a ready-made frame, the characters have very little spontaneity. They love and hate and rage with gusto, but they do not live save in the story-book sense.

"Mistress of Monterey" offers gay pageantry, grandiose setting that needs no exaggeration, and figures looked at from long range where only the more emphasized actions are visible. G. G.

Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE NEW EDUCATION. By S. L. Pressey. Harpers. 1933. $2.75.

One may accept unquestionably the author's retrospective comment: that "in the last few years there has been a tremendous, confusing, multifarious investigatory activity in the field." This volume brings them within one pair of covers, which in its six hundred pages of crowded data seems like one big tent. Equally unquestioned is the fact that schooling and schoolmastering must have its technique; familiar is the further fact that the source of knowledge is psychology, which as applied to education has become a discipline to be taught and hopes to direct a program to be practised. Hence the New Education, and another volume creditably adapted to its utilitarian purpose.

Every phase of the child as a growing creature, every aspect of the learning which is to accompany the growing, is considered and, so far as may be, charted. Serving the data and their interpretation are a series of illustrative cases; so chapter by chapter the manual takes its form. In it all there is a new emphasis, a needed corrective of the dull regimentation and cultist discipline of a former day.

So far, so good. But questions and doubts pile promptly and heavily when we either parentally or psychologically, and above all socially and culturally, ask whether the new technique is not as yet more ambitious than effective, and again self-absorbed in details tediously rationalized and less consequential than demonstrable. We may accept psychology and the new education without subscribing quite so ardently to the chart-route of its advent. Somehow a post-Victorian suspicion remains that the values heralded and achieved are not yet in a completely adjusted proportion, nor is it clear that just more of it will lead to the ever shifting educational goal. A volume might bear the same title and deal with quite different material in different perspective. Doubtless it takes all kinds of interest to make a world or a school; both advance under a critical appraisal which so much of the literature of educational psychology lacks. J. J.

THE ENERGIES OF MEN. By William McDougall. Scribners. 1933. $2.

In this compendium Professor McDougall offers to students a "short, complete study of human nature," and to all comers a defense of the "hormic" psychology of purpose. For the student there is too much controversy and nicety or distinction; for the reader bent upon the central message, too much textbook intrusion.

McDougall's psychology is one of goals as opposed to drives. This emphasis has the importance of a completion in fundamentals, as similarly Adler complements Freud. In temper hormic psychology is dynamic; it finds the structuralism of Wundt and Titchener formal, academic, and sterile. For like reasons extreme behaviorism is pronounced inadequate and crippled. Along with the behaviorist and the *Gestaltist,* Professor McDougall goes to the ant and the ape, not for lessons of thrift or mischief, but for the clues to instinct, learning, and the total patterns of behavior. And there is yet further agreement with the majority of independent, not party bound, psychologists in that the far-flung complications of human conflicts within the self and with other selves, derives with close bonds of kinship from the same order of organization presented by the animal hierarchy. The additional note is that of purpose. As a recognition of an intelligent factor combining with an instinctive set-up of response, the thesis is acceptable; how and how far it can be carried is not so clear.

The following which this brand of hormic psychology finds among critical psychologists is tepid by reason of the impression it leaves of being ineffective. There is a divergence of voice and touch, less definite but as disconcerting as that of Jacob and Esau. In profession and performance McDougall seems to be, like most of his colleagues, a naturalistic psychologist. But the naturalistic temper does not penetrate, does not completely direct either method or conclusion. Pages of analyses are reminiscent of British associationist treatment, with similar derivations, similar emphasis upon verbal definition. In the present revision *propensity* is substituted for *instinct* for valid enough reasons, but with a faith in the consequent illumination that readers will not share.

The total procedure of McDougall's psychology does not succeed in throwing off the set of mind which inhered in the psychology of the past. He gives psychology its naturalization papers of scientific citizenship, but that alone does not secure the naturalistic life. The analogue in political citizenship would be a hyphenated loyalty. J. J.

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(*Continued on page* 138)

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IN PLACE OF TRESSES

UP from the South at the break of its new day spurted a virile and prolific literature as remote from the nostalgia and romanticism of the post-Civil War period as the rapidly unfolding industrial development of the section was from its earlier agrarianism. Gone were the ringletted maidens of George Cary Eggleston, the wide-porticoed mansions, the chivalrous and fire-eating colonels. In their place appeared the mountaineer, the mill hand, the plantation owner's descendant caught in the nexus of a new social order. The conflict between two traditions, the rich cultural material which all unbeknownst the Negro was contributing to American civilization, these suddenly began to engage the Southern writer's attention. A stream of fiction, poetry, criticism, shorn of the sentimentalism of an earlier era, began to pour from the Southern states. So rapid indeed was the development of Southern literature as to outpace the timeliness of books upon it. The reader who would discover its trend and personalities will find that he must turn at least in part to the magazines for light upon them. We have just culled from that invaluable directory to the ephemera of criticism, "The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature," what seemed to us the most informative material on the subject for *C. F. A. of Sheffield, Ala.*, who has to prepare a club paper on Southern writers of the day. We feel a sort of proprietory interest in her paper, for we have a twelve hours' acquaintance with Sheffield, having once spent a night there en route to the neighboring Muscle Shoals. It is indelibly impressed upon our memory as a town which insistently rings bells as traffic signals, is brilliantly illuminated at night, and wears an air of constant rush because of its clanging trolleys. But that is neither here nor there. What's more to the point is that it's the home of T. S. Stribling, whose latest novel, "The Store," was awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

THE CRITICS LOOK AT SOUTHERN LITERATURE

By way of orienting herself, C. F. A. might consult, if it is available, and probably the local library has it, the *Wilson Bulletin* for April 30, 1930, which contains a list of present-day Southern writers arranged by states. She might follow that up with Donald Davidson's article in the *Bookman* of January, 1932, on the congress of Southern writers which met in Richmond shortly before that date, and supplement it with Josephine Pinckney's lively account of the same event in our own issue of November 7, 1931. There was a mighty talk fest, my countrymen, adjourned from public meeting to private house and from private house to public meeting. Mr. Davidson and Miss Pinckney were there not only as reporters but as participants, for the former is one of the ablest critics of the South, a member of the former *Fugitive* group of Vanderbilt University which gave that short-lived little magazine of poetry a national reputation, and the latter is a poet with a volume of graceful verse to her credit and one of the Charlestonians who have been enthusiastically cultivating the indigenous songs of their section. There's a booklet, by Addison Hibbard, entitled "The South in Contemporary Literature," issued by the University of North Carolina Press, which is probably just what C. F. A. needs, since it presents a program for women's clubs. The issue of the *Nation* for June 12, 1929, contained an article by G. W. Jacobs which under the caption, "Negro Authors Must Eat," presents information on the Negro in contemporary literature. Prentice-Hall issues a volume containing selections from Southern writers together with biographical sketches of them, edited by William T. Wynn, and called "Southern Literature," and there is a volume of "Southern Literary Studies" (University of North Carolina Press), by C. Alphonso Smith (biographer of O. Henry), edited by F. Stringfellow Barr. Though it does not bear directly upon her question we recommend to C. F. A. another book, "I'll Take My Stand" (Harpers), a symposium which cogently sets forth the points of view of a number of Southern writers.

CABELL, FAULKNER, AND OTHERS

And now for specific authors of whom we cannot pretend to mention more than a few of the most outstanding. Among those are William Faulkner whose talent is as indubitable as his naturalism is brutal, Julia Peterkin—But we break off here to interject that we have had the good fortune to see in manuscript form a book which Robert Ballou is shortly to issue. It is a fascinating volume, combining Mrs. Peterkin's picturesque recital of the customs and manners of her plantation negroes with a series of remarkable photographs by Doris Ulmann. However, we ought not to indulge in such side discussions, but haste us back to business. There's Elizabeth Madox Roberts, whose "Time of Man," for all the sordidness of its tale, had so lovely a lyrical quality; Maristan Chapman who, like Miss Roberts, writes of the mountaineers; Du Bose Heyward, Fielding Burke, Evelyn Scott, Thomas Wolfe, Stark Young, Jonathan Daniels. And, of course, of the older generation, there are those past masters and fellow Richmondians, James Branch Cabell and Ellen Glasgow. We have merely scratched the surface of our subject, but dare not linger on it longer. If C. F. A. needs a more exhaustive list and will let us know, we'll draw one up and send it to her by mail.

SPANISH THRILLER AHOY!

By no transition at all we arrive at the request of *H. A., of Bristol, New Hampshire*, for a Spanish or Spanish-American book which might be regarded as a boy's thriller and which would incline a young American who already has a fairly good knowledge of the language, to read more Spanish. Since we've always believed that before he has reached the age of sixteen a child of any intelligence has passed the stage where juveniles should make appeal to him, we think that such a book as Ibañez's "Las Cuatros Jinetes del Apocalypsis"—the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" we were all reading not so long ago—ought to provide him some happy hours. He might like, too, Luis de Oteyza's "Rio Revuelto," a tale of revolution and adventure in modern Spain, and La Goldos's classic story of adventure, "Fontana de Oro." And surely "Don Quixote" ought to meet his youthful fancy. Cervantes has something to offer to every one.

GROWTH OF THE SOCIAL ORDER

We confess ourselves somewhat puzzled as to just what *M. D., of Chicago*, wants when she asks for "material on service from individual to individual, from individual to community, and from community to community from the Greeks and Romans to our day." If, as we imagine, she means she wishes to get a bird's-eye view of social and sociological progress from early times to the present she will find a comprehensive account of the growth of the social order in "The Science of Society," by William Graham Sumner and Albert Galloway Keller, which was published originally in four volumes in 1927 and last year was condensed into "Man's Rough Road," by Mr. Keller (Yale University Press). Incidentally anyone reading it may be glad to know of a volume just issued by the same press which contains Mr. Keller's pen portrait of his friend and associate. M. D. will find further material of this sort in "Man and Civilization," by John Storck (Harcourt, Brace), an inquiry into the bases of contemporary life, in Sir George Newman's "Citizenship and the Survival of Civilization" (Oxford University Press), Donald C. Babcock's "Man and Social Achievement" and Joseph Kirk Folsom's "Culture and Social Progress" (both of the last published by Longmans, Green), and in "The Technique of Social Progress" by Hornell Hart (Holt). There are more—many more works on similar lines—if M. D. wants them. "We've got a little list," which we're keeping against the possibility of her requesting further names.

JAMES NORMAN HALL AGAIN

We have a self-styled gourmand amongst our readers. The particular tidbit which delights *O. L. A., of Lafayette, Ind.*, is the writings of James Norman Hall. Apropos of our recent note concerning Mr. Hall she writes us, "the last sketch in (Hall's) 'The Stream of Travel' (Houghton Mifflin) is 'Why I Live in Tahiti.'" While it does not state definitely why he went there, it does tell why he remains there, from which the former can be pretty well deduced. This sketch originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1925.

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A REFERENCE to the romantic possibilities inherent in the collecting of histories of units of the American Expeditionary Forces in this department last spring brought from Douglas MacKay of Winnipeg, Manitoba, a highly interesting commentary on Canadian battalion histories accompanied by a valuable detailed check-list. Mr. MacKay writes:

> Having read your comments in the issue of April 22nd regarding the collecting of military unit histories, it occurs to me that you might find some interest in Canadian battalion histories.
>
> The infantry battalions of the Canadian Expeditionary Corps were compact of eleven hundred men having intense local loyalties. During the course of the war, as many as six to eight thousand men frequently passed through the ranks of these units, yet so intense was the esprit de corps that irrespective of the unit in which a man had enlisted, it was to the battalion with which he had served in the line that he gave his personal loyalty.
>
> Most of the overseas battalions had their origins in Canadian militia regiments, with the result that when the war was over there were in existence living organizations which gave continuity to the overseas battalions.
>
> The official names of most of the militia regiments today carry some overseas battalion number, such as "The Governor General's Foot Guards" (perpetuating the 2nd Battalion C. E. F.) and "The Royal Highlanders of Canada" (perpetuating the 13th and 42nd Battalions). This structure enabled historical committees to be set up with reasonable hope of success in gathering together diaries, letters, etc. The Historical Section of the Department of National Defence, Ottawa, has been tirelessly patient in giving assistance to these battalion historians.
>
> To date, fourteen histories of Canadian infantry battalions have appeared. There have been other chronicles of engineers, one of an artillery unit and two of hospital units. From the point of view of good history, some of the best of these chronicles have been published during the past three years, notably Colonel Topp's "History of the 42nd Battalion" (Royal Highlanders of Canada), 1931, Colonel Urquhart's "History of the 16th Battalion" (The Canadian Scottish) 1932, and Russenholt's "Six Thousand Canadian Men" (44th Battalion C. E. F.) 1932. Of course Hodder Williams' two volume history of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (1923) remains a model unit history even in British military-historical circles, where regimental histories are frequent and numerous. The histories issued just after the war are not for the most part good book-making, but what they lack in appearance, or in careful map making, they make up in gusto and vigorous, emotional quality.
>
> Herewith a list of unit histories of Canada, including combatant and non-combatant services:
>
> Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, 1914-1919. By Ralph Hodder Williams. Two volumes. Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, Ont., 1923.
>
> The 13th Battalion (Royal Highlanders of Canada), 1914-1919. By R. C. Fetherstonhaugh. Burtons, Limited, 597 St. Catherine S. W., Montreal, 1925.
>
> The Royal Montreal Regiment, 14th Battalion, C. E. F., 1914-1925. By R. C. Fetherstonhaugh. Gazette Printing Co., Ltd., Montreal, 1927.
>
> 48th Highlanders of Canada (15th Battalion C. E. F.). By Kim Beattie. Southam Press, Toronto, 1932.
>
> A History of the 16th Battalion. By Colonel Urquhart. Published by a Committee, Chairman: Colonel Cyrus Peck. Victoria, 1932.
>
> 24th Battalion, C. E. F. Victoria Rifles of Canada, 1914-1919. Edited and compiled by R. C. Fetherstonhaugh. Gazette Printing Co., Montreal, 1930.
>
> Nova Scotia's Part in the War. (Contains history of 25th and 64th Battalions.) The Book Room, Halifax, 1920.
>
> The 42nd Battalion C. E. F. Royal Highlanders of Canada in the Great War. By Lieut. Colonel C. B. Topp, D. S. O., M. C. Gazette Publishing Company, Montreal, 1931.
>
> Six Thousand Canadian Men—A History of the 44th Battalion, 1914-1919. Edited by E. R. Russenholt. 44th Battalion Association, Winnipeg, 1932.
>
> History of the 72nd Battalion, Seaforth Highlanders of Canada. By Berard McEvoy and Captain A. H. Findlay, M. C. Cowan and Brookhouse, Vancouver, B. C., 1920.
>
> The 77th Canadian Infantry Battalion, C. E. F. War Publications Limited, Jackson Building, Ottawa, Ont., 1926.
>
> The 85th Canadian Infantry Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders, in France and Flanders. By Lieut. Colonel Joseph Hayes, D. S. O. Royal Print & Litho, Ltd., Halifax, N. S. 1920.
>
> 102nd Canadian Infantry Battalion. "From B. C. to Baiseux." By L. McLeod Gould. Thomas R. Cussack Presses, Victoria, B. C., 1919.
>
> History of the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles Battalion. By Captain S. G. Bennett, M. C. Murray Printing Co., Toronto, 1926.
>
> Gun Fire. An Historical Narrative of the 4th Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery, in the Great War (1914-1918). Compiled by the 4th Brigade, C. F. A., Association. Greenway Press, Toronto, Ont., 1929.
>
> From the Rideau to the Rhine and Back. The 6th Field Co. and Battalion, Canadian Engineers, in the Great War. By Major K. Weatherbe, M. C. Hunter-Rose Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 1928.
>
> No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) 1914-1919. By R. C. Fetherstonhaugh. Gazette Printing Co. Montreal, P. Q., 1928.
>
> Historical Records of Number 8 Canadian Field Ambulance 1915-1919. By Lieut. Colonel J. N. Gunn and Staff Sergt. E. E. Dutton. Ryerson Press, Toronto, Ont., 1920.

A Friend of Poe

FROM an obscure memoir of Captain Mayne Reid written by Reid's widow and published in London forty-three years ago Vincent Starrett has resurrected Reid's account of Edgar Allan Poe, based on an acquaintance that began in Philadelphia in 1843 and lasted two years. The extract, some two thousand words in extent, and accompanied by an introductory note by Mr. Starrett, has been adequately reprinted as a sixteen-page pamphlet at Ysleta, Texas, by Edwin B. Hill.

Reid's account of Poe is tantalizingly generalized. One watches Virginia Clemm, "a lady angelically beautiful in person and not less beautiful in spirit," as she "divested of their skins" a bottle of peaches, "the choicest gifts of Pomona," but one is vouchsafed no such specific glimpse of her husband. We are, to be sure, informed that when in his cups (and he was of that singularly unfortunate type to whom a single cup is enough) Poe would often lose his hat, but this characteristic is hardly the touchstone of genius.

The main value of Reid's recollection is its testimony to this very failing—not the losing of hats, but the easy submergence in alcohol. "I can speak truly of its not being habitual; only occasional, and drawn out by some accidental circumstance—now disappointment; now the concurrence of a social crowd, whose flattering friendship might lead to champagne." Reid knew Poe, in sum, as "a generous host, an affectionate son-in-law and husband; in short, a respectable gentleman." The defects in the portrait are Reid's own; his language, as Mr. Starrett says, is "typically florid and over-sentimentalized." But beneath the defects is a warm, loyal, honest admiration for the man and the genius.

J. T. W.

A Dartmouth Venture

THE Arts Press, founded this year by students of Dartmouth College, who do their own printing, designing, and distributing, has so far completed three out of its projected series of four booklets, called The Art Chapbooks, which sell for fifty cents the copy. The first Chapbook was an anthology of "Dartmouth Verse, 1922-1932"; the second, an "Apology for Book Collecting," by Herbert Faulkner West; the Scherzo movement of a long narrative poem by Ramon Guthrie, entitled "The Proud City." The fourth Chapbook, to be printed during May, will be a Symposium of opinion on the gigantic series of frescoes now being painted in the Dartmouth College Library by Jose Clemente Orozco.

Alexander Laing is faculty adviser to the venture, which is edited by Kimball Flaccus. James Benson, a Junior, supervises the Press and does the printing.

J. T. W.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 136)

FICTION

The Campanile Murders. W. Chambers. Apple. $2. *The Cannery Boat.* Takaji Kobayash. International. $1.50. *We Are the Living.* E. Caldwell. Vik. $2. *Ordinary Families.* E. A. Robertson. Doubleday. $2.50. *Tiger Juan.* Ramon de Pérez de Ayala. Macmil. $2. *The Outsider.* S. Macdonald. Coward. $2. *Summer People.* F. H. Lead. Dodd. $2. *The Quick and the Dead.* G. Bullett. Knopf. $2. *The Forsyte Saga.* J. Galsworthy. Srib. $3. *To a God Unknown.* J. Steinbeck. Ballou. $2. *Julian Grant Loses His Way.* C. Houghton. Doubleday. $2.50. *Retrospect: An Omnibus of Aldous Huxley.* Doubleday. $2.50. *The Smiths.* J. A. Fairbanks. Houghton. $2.50. *Old-Fashioned Tales.* Zona Gale. Apple. $2.50. *Leave the Salt Earth.* R. W. Hatch. Covici. $2.25.

HISTORY

Federal Indian Relations. W. B. Mohr. Univ. of Pa. Pr. $2.50. *The South Sea Bubble.* Viscount Erleigh. Put. $1.50. *The Spanish Marriage.* H. Simpson. Put. $1.50. *The Achievement of Rome.* W. C. Greene. Harv. Univ. Pr. $4.50. *Fifty Ways to Save Money.* M. McCaw. Longmans. $1.50. *The Wicked Uncles.* R. Fulford. Put. $3.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Cigar Manufacturing Industry. R. H. Mack. Univ. of Pa. Pr. $2.50. *British Regulation of the Colonial Iron Industry.* A. C. Bining. Univ. of Pa. Pr. $2. *Hudson River Landings.* P. Wilstach. Bobbs. $3.75. *The Girl through the Ages.* D. M. Stuart. Lippin. $2.50. *Where Do We Go From Here?* E. G. Hutchings. Put. $2.50. *T. Macci Plauti Menæchmi.* Ed. N. Moseley. Harv. Univ. Pr. $1.50. *Children Inc.* T. J. Orbison. Stratford. $2. *W O R Forum Book.* Ed. S. T. Granick. New York: Falcon. $3. *The Crisis of Democracy.* Ed. C. N. Callender. Am. Acad. of Pol. and Social Science.

POETRY

Planet Descending. L. C. Prescott. Philadelphia: Poetry Publishers. $1.75.

PERSONALS

A YOUNG MAN would like to secure a quiet location for the winter in which he can read, study and write. Work (*he can do many things*) is no barrier to his accepting a place—so long as there will be time for his endeavor. Neo-Writer.

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YOUNG MAN desires to find someone with established apartment to share in Manhattan, preferably below 72nd Street on East Side. Must be reasonable. Write Box 233.

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PARENTS of boys (8-24) appreciating select private school, nominal rate this year, where boys are taught how to study, write immediately, Box S.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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When two case-hardened critics of mystery stories—both of whom have written books of their own—confess themselves baffled, the yarn ought to be a good one. $2.00
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"The Sherlock Holmes in the book game," according to the *American Book Collector,* is Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum. His latest book *Shaksperian Scraps and Other Elizabethan Fragments* ($3.75) has just been published by Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York City.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Poor Old Quercus did not state—simply because he did not know—that the artist of the much admired picture reproduced in TRADE WINDS on Sept. 2 was Mr. Tom Cleland. ☞I hear also that Mr. Cleland is designing a very fine "Tristram Shandy" for the Limited Editions Club. ☞Old Quercus, amorist of fine things, is delighted to hear of the Oxford Press's promised reissue (in 13 lucky volumes) of the great *Oxford English Dictionary*—which took from 1857 to 1928 to compile and cost an estimated outlay of £300,000. The announcement from the Oxford Press now before me says that this new edition "can be purchased at a fraction of the cost of the original," but does not specify what fraction. ☞One reviewer (sorry we don't know who) said of this work "a dictionary with a history like that of a great cathedral." The new edition will be ready in November; certainly the perfect Christmas present for any studious family.

☞"A nameless man, working with inks and colors of his own manufacture upon parchment made from the skins of goats"—so does Studio Publications describe the unknown monk who wrote and illuminated "The Book of Kells," the beautiful old MS gospel now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Studio Publications offers a reproduction in full color of 50 pages of the MS. ☞Old Philistine Quercus was very fed up with the Book of Kells when he visited T. C. D., for his desire was to look at some of the other treasures in the library but the verger with endless persistence kept telling him about this goatskin miracle. ☞Old Scandalized Quercus, pondering one of the many catalogues of Curiosa that reach him, was amused to note of a dark de luxe volume on Libido Sexualis that it is "printed on Inspiration-White bookpaper." ☞Much odd undigested information passes through the sieve of Old Quercus's mind as he mumbles among his catalogues. From G. P. Putnam's Sons ("The Last Slaver," by Dr. George S. King) he learns that a notorious slave-ship, the *Wanderer,* sailed under the burgee of the New York Yacht Club. ☞From Harcourt, Brace & Co. that the author of "So You're Going to Have a Baby" "has no desire to call a Spade an Itsy-Bitsy Shovel." That book, by the way, whose table of contents would have horrified our grandmothers, sounds to Old Quercus like good sense. ☞Does the good old *Care and Feeding of Children* by Dr. Emmett Holt still sell steadily as it used to? We'd love to hear from Appleton how many copies it has totalled? Our guess is that most of the now rising generation of young publishers and authors were bedded, bathed and bottled on Dr. Holt's manual.

☞Thayer Hobson (of William Morrow and Company) says that Michael Home's novel "Return" is the first book in seven years that has moved him to a personal statement on the jacket. ☞The pleasantest comment the SATURDAY REVIEW has received in a long while is from Mr. Flodden W. Heron, secretary of the Literary Anniversary Club in San Francisco. "The day the paper arrives," he says, "I am anxious to get home to begin reading." ☞Old Quercus was interested in a letter from Helen T. Fay (of the Co-op Book Store at N. Y. State College, Albany) written on the stationery of the National Association of College Stores. This association, now ten years old, exists for mutual information and advice among the college booksellers. Its present officers are Seibert W. Mote (University of Utah), Paul B. Hartenstein (University of Pennsylvania), R. M. Stager (Stanford University), Shepherd Young (Indiana State Normal) and James H. Lott (New York University.) The college stores describe themselves as "Booksellers and Stationers to Student America." This association, which now holds a summer conference of its own, is perhaps as important a factor as any in the country in aiding and encouraging book-tastes in the younger generation of readers. ☞But in studying the stationery we have forgotten Miss Fay's letter itself. She reports her indignation when, in Chicago, she told a taxidriver at the Palmer House to take her to Kroch's Bookstore, and he didn't know where it was. Agitated by this ignorance of one of Chicago's thoughtmarks, she decided to walk.

☞Among foreign representatives of the American book trade we have a special regard for Mr. H. A. Horwood who from his headquarters at 64, rue des Petits Champs, Paris, acts as special proconsul for many American publishers. We are always wishing that Mr. Horwood would report occasionally to Trade Winds on his ardors and endurances. He has been in New York lately, but we seem to have missed him. ☞We enjoy W. W. Norton & Co.'s description of their Cape Cod detective (see Phoebe Taylor's "The Mystery of the Cape Cod Players"):—"Asey Mayo never heard of a Ming Vase, does not whistle obscure operas, has no butler, or friends in Scotland Yard." ☞And Old Quercus looks forward to hearing more of W. W. Norton's series of "Social Action Books," to be edited by Dr. Alvin Johnson. Sagacious is Dr. Johnson's comment: "The plan for these books assumes that the social-economic structure will have to be rebuilt while the tenants are living in it, therefore without the application of explosives." ☞Anthropological books that rouse Quercusian surmise are Albert Parry's work on the Art of Tattooing, for which Simon & Schuster promise "startling illustrations," and Robert Cortes Holliday's "Unmentionables" which is announced for next month by Long and Smith. It is described as a history of feminine undergarments from infibulation to Earl Carroll.

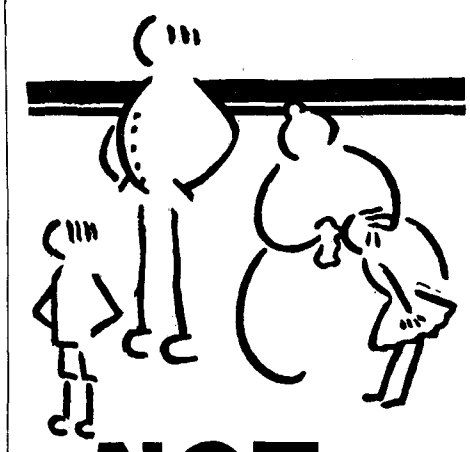
☞One of the most amusing promotion stunts this fall is the little red address book which William Morrow and Co. are distributing. It is based on the address book left by Rosita—the "One Woman" of Tiffany Thayer's novel—which Abe Adams used to check up on her past. Morrow's booklet has all of Rosita's addresses in it, arranged alphabetically, but with plenty of space for you to list your own favorite telephone numbers, speakeasy addresses, and other memorabilia.

☞Quercus didn't see very much of the NRA parade in New York last week. Leaning out of the twelfth story window made him dizzy, so he didn't check up on whether any publishers, authors, or booksellers marched. However, the officers and employees of the McGraw-Hill Book Company may be interested to hear that a banner bearing their name, and presumably used in the Fifth Avenue festivities, was discovered later that night, being marched proudly through the streets of Greenwich Village at the head of a vociferous procession of neighborhood boys. It looked very nice.

☞The adjective prize for the week goes to the quote on the jacket of Myron Brinig's "Flutter of an Eyelid." Farrar & Rinehart cannot be blamed for overlooking, in the sheer intoxication of the words, such spellings as "genious," "wierd" and "repellant." We also like Compton Mackenzie's quote on "Raggle-Taggle" by Walter Starkie, viz: "Lose no haste in reading 'Raggle-Taggle.'" Commercial, as F. P. A. calls it, candor.

☞Covici, Friede send word that Gene Fowler's working hours on "Timber Line," the story of the Denver *Post,* would disqualify him for the author's chapter of the N. R. A. They quote the statistics as follows: Mr. Fowler spent 14 weeks, working a minimum of 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, to produce a book of 185,000 words. This sounds very impressive until it's reduced to 157 words per hour, which Mr. Fowler, as a newspaper man, would certainly agree is slow enough—indicating a very painstaking job. Independent advance readers assure us that "Timber Line" is a swell book.

☞The photographs which Doubleday, Doran are using in the promotion of Hugh Walpole's "Vanessa" came from a series of picture post-cards made up, entirely on his own hook, by a bookseller in Keswick named A. Chapin. He picked out various Cumberland scenes which corresponded with places Walpole had in mind for the events of the Herries chronicle. Walpole saw them, got interested, wrote the captions. Taken together, the pictures—which Mr. Chapin made up to sell to tourists at 12/6 a set—give a comprehensive and impressive view of the Herries country, a region which overlaps the Lake District.



NOT
TO BE TAKEN AT A GULP . . .

The charm of E. Arnot Robertson's new novel—"Ordinary Families"—is a piecemeal loveliness. You must savour it slowly. It is one of the few books we know that is likely to yield new treasures on a second reading, and on a third.

Reading it, we couldn't help taking down a few notes. If you've read it too, you may agree with us. If you haven't, these few sentences will suggest its brilliant charm.

"You see, Eleanor," Mother said, "when the lower classes are a bit, well, unimaginative, like Olive I always try to think of them as though they were animals. I suppose that sounds silly to you. But it does help. Because then instead of feeling, 'Oh why must Olive bring the soup in a vegetable-dish instead of a tureen' I feel, 'Really, how clever of her to know that soup goes with a soup plate, and wants a ladle, and so on!' Just as one would, dear, as if she wasn't human, don't you see?"

●

That is the worst of having tea with enlightened people; one never knows when they will become suddenly earnest and almost insulting in argument over some everyday subject, after dismissing flippantly half a dozen grave topics.

●

I was always careful to find some slightly practical job for the stars, even if it was only forming letters or odd saucepans or new shaped beasts in the sky, knowing that then none of them could get at me as they would if they caught my mind while it was empty.

●

On the whole the Rushes took their religion more lightly than the Cottrells took their agnosticism.

●

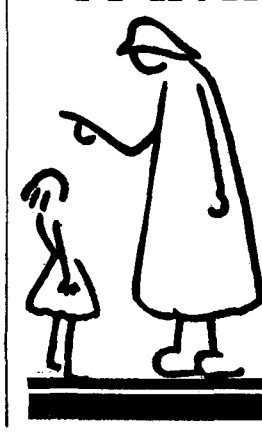
As a boy Mr. Quest was agonizingly shy. He had to make immense efforts to get over it. That's way he could now be unpleasant with less effort than most people.

●

Marnie would have thoroughly enjoyed being the center of the sort of attention that I had endured over the shelducks, but in this her adoring parents always thwarted her with kindliness and tact. Like a psychological angel, Mrs. Cottrell persisted in not treading where the inrush of fools would have been welcome.

Don't let the title mislead you, for the book is about anything but an ordinary family. It does not surprise us at all to hear by cable from London that Harold Nicolson considers E. Arnot Robertson, with this novel, in the very front rank of contemporary novelists. It's just about as complete, and delightful, a Religio-of-a-Modern-Young-Woman as has yet been written.

ORDINARY FAMILIES



by E. Arnot Robertson

Author of "Four Frightened People"
Just Out
$2.50
Doubleday, Doran

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The TIME TABLE *of* THE FUTURE

1934 General Invasion of China by Japan
1935 Tokio bombed in "Retaliation" raids
1937 Naval War—U.S. vs. Japan
1939 Japan loses 1,900,000 in disastrous retreat from China
1940 War — Germany vs. Poland
1943 France enters conflict; Second World War starts
1949 "Peace of Exhaustion" arranged
1955 Raid of The Germs destroys half of world population
1960 Disruption of U.S. as a nation
1965 Basra Conference; Air Dictatorship established
1968 Landslip destroys London.
1978 World State organized.

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